

MAY

VOL. 8 — NO. 3

# TARGET COMICS

10¢

TARGET







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# TARGET HITS AND MISSES

Editors' Page

## The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

Note Grace Pevanzi's question in the third column of this page. "But why not," Grace asks, "have a special girl, or girls, for Kit Carter and Dan...?" Grace is only one of many readers who want to see a slick chick, or chicks, scratching up the gravel on the Dauntton campus.

It's quite a problem — one that makes us scratch our heads. Those of you who are familiar with military schools know how much time is allotted for dates, hops, and the like. Can we say a cadet is lucky if he has twelve dates during the school year? We think that's a pretty good record for any kind of boarding school.

Where does that leave us? In TARGET we have twelve dates per year with Kit, Dan and Dauntton. Suppose Kit knocked at Colonel Tilghman's door each month and told the good old Colonel he couldn't play baseball or chase a crook because the one-and-only was waiting for him in the reception room? Colonel Tilghman would probably give out with the loudest "harrumph!" you ever heard. We think most of the readers would, too.

But there are solutions for sugar and sweetheart shortages. Kit and Dan aren't always on the campus; like other students they have winter, spring and summer vacations. We'll bet they won't waste all that precious time in search of adventure!

Cordially yours,  
THE EDITORS

## The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I don't know if you will remember me or not. It has been three years since you published my letter. I was Helen Giordano then, but have since married.

All my life I've been crippled, and for a long time I was a lonely girl. I knew very few boys.

After my letter was published I got letters from all over the world, during that awful war. I didn't dream I'd marry a pen pal. I was never so happy in my life when it came true, thanks to you . . .

Your TARGET fan,  
Mrs. Helen Keenan  
Cleveland, Ohio

*The Editors are happy too, Mrs. Keenan, to receive this good news. We wish that space would permit our publishing your comments about current issues of TARGET COMICS.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

At first Mother and Dad didn't want me to read comic magazines but now they admit that my reading your magazine over and over, both to myself and to my little sister, has helped me get A in reading and spelling each time I get my grade card. I don't think that I am too young anyway, as I was ten years old on October 25, 1946.

Ann Morton  
Xenia, Ohio

*There's nothing like an early start in getting those A's, Ann.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

Believe it or not but I am thirteen today and I haven't missed a TARGET COMIC in 1945-1946 yet. I am proud of my record because I like TARGET COMICS.

"But why not have a special girl, or girls, for Kit Carter and Dan in 'The Cadet'?"

I also like the "Targetoons"; they are funny. I don't think any of the stories should be changed. Keep up your good work.

Thank you,  
Grace Pevanzi  
Portland, Oregon

*Thank you, Grace. Guess we'll have to put a little more time for girls in the Dauntton training schedule.*

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading Volume 7, Number 10, of TARGET. What a grand comic book! It has everything, including the most original plots ever. Only in free America could such a wonderful comic book exist. How about making TARGET COMICS a weekly magazine?

May TARGET COMICS enjoy a long and prosperous life.

Jerry Chester Brown  
Fort Worth, Texas

*Many factors prevent us from running TARGET more than once a month, Jerry. Thanks for your good wishes.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

Since I like sports, I enjoy the adventures of Kit Carter very much. "Gary Stark" is also a top-notch story. I hope it continues to be good.

I have not missed an issue of TARGET this year. The Editor's Page and the Q's and A's interest me a great deal. The "Targetoons" are also very good.

And that comic, HUMDINGER, certainly deserves its name.

Sincerely yours,  
Robert Nuelle  
St. Louis, Mo.

*Glad you like both TARGET and HUMDINGER, Robert.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I would like to compliment you on your eye-catching covers, which enable me to find TARGET, my favorite comic, in a short time.

I disagree with Leslie Brown and join Joseph Wargo, in the December issue, in saying that "The Target and the Targeteers" and "The Chameleon" should be kept in. I find them interesting, and I'm sure other readers do too.

In closing, I would like to say that I enjoy "Heathcliff the Hobo" and would appreciate seeing more of it.

Yours truly,  
Emil Durik  
Duquesne, Pa.

*"The Target and the Targeteers" and "The Chameleon" are still slated to appear in future issues, Emil. We run "Heathcliff the Hobo" as often as we can fit it in.*

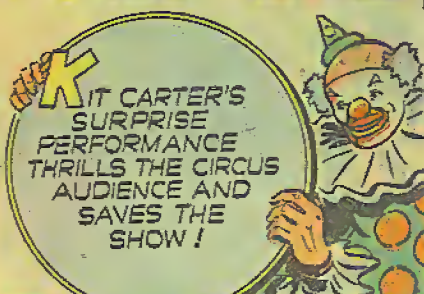
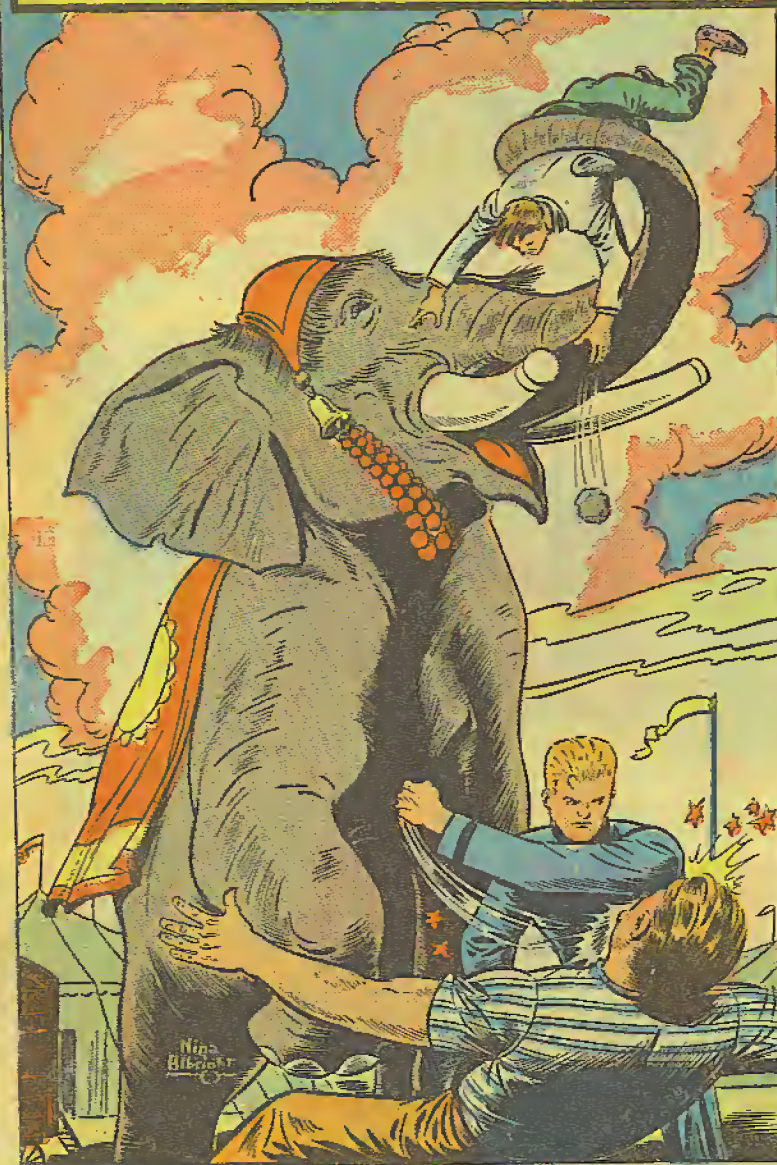
ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.



# THE CADET

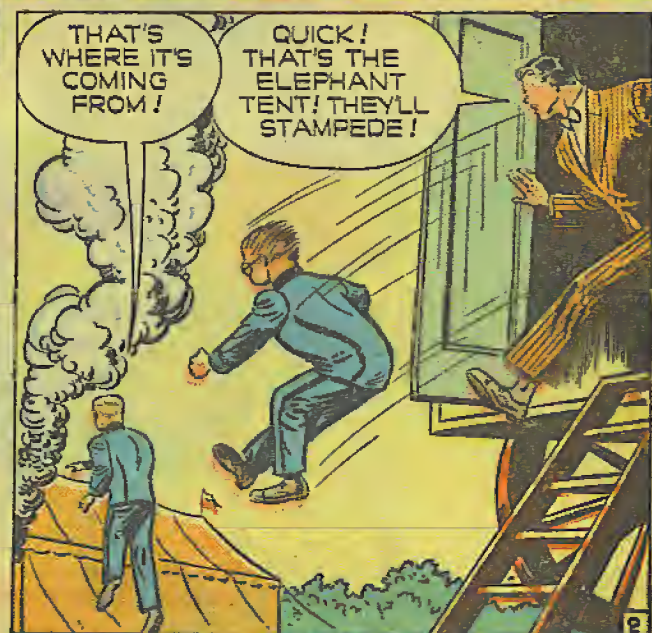
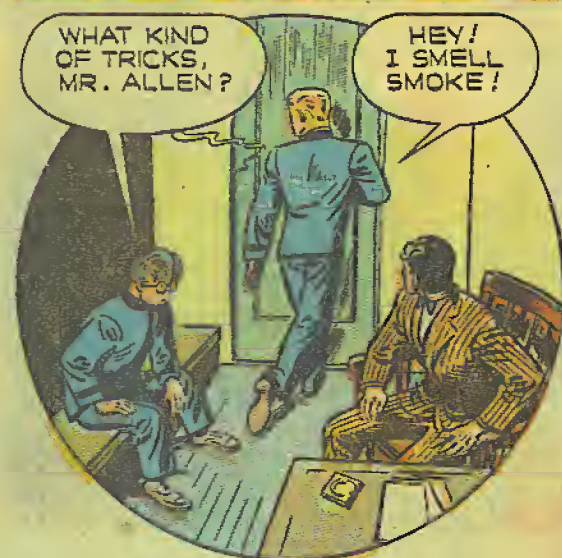
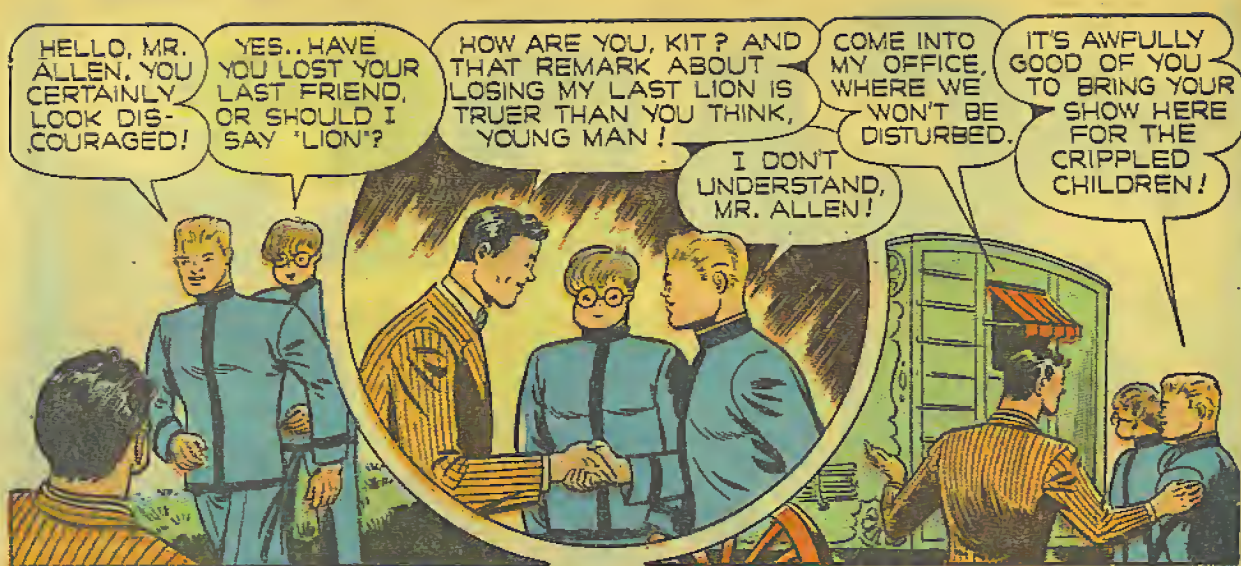
Featuring **KIT CARTER**



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor  
 Mel Cummin, Art Director; Jesse C. Rogers, Jr., Associate Editor  
 Jean Gibson Brundage, Editorial Assistant; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

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**Q** QUESTION No. 1. Would you associate the name "Dawson" with gold, silver or copper?





PASS THE BUCKETS, DAN! IT'S ALMOST OUT!

HERE COMES ACE DANZIO, OUR TRAPEZE STAR, TO HELP!

PUFF, PUFF, WE CAN USE SOME HELP!

THERE! THE FIRE'S OUT, AND THE ELEPHANTS ARE SAFE, THANKS TO YOU TWO LADS!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH DANZIO? HE'S HURT!

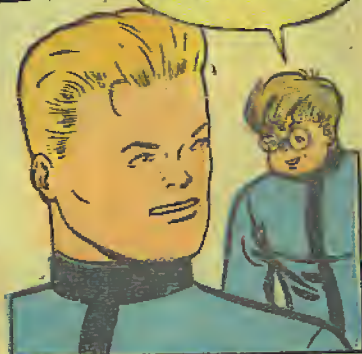
MY HANDS! THEY'RE BURNED! OH, MY HANDS!

HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PERFORM TODAY! WHAT WILL YOU DO, MR. ALLEN?

HOW ABOUT DOING YOUR POLE VAULT ACT, KIT? I SAW IT LAST SUMMER AND IT'S GOOD!

ALL RIGHT, IF IT WILL HELP YOU OUT!

OH, BOY! KIT'S A CIRCUS PERFORMER!



MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TENT WALL...

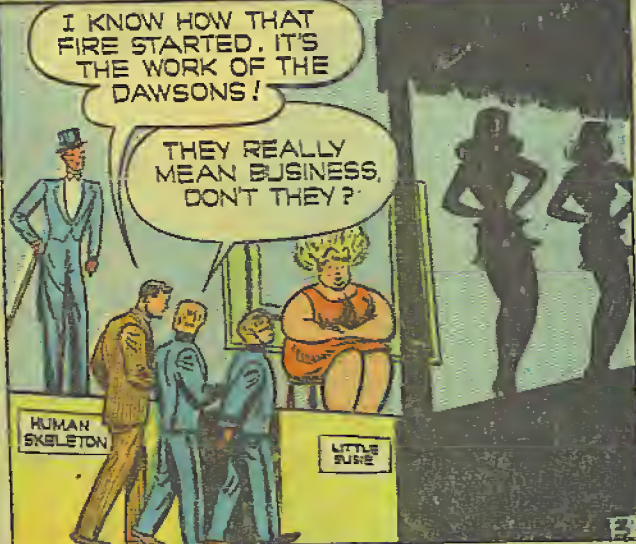
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT SMART KID, WE'D HAVE FIXED ALLEN!

WE'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT TOY SOLDIER THIS AFTERNOON. ANYWAY, WE FIXED THAT TRAPEZE PERFORMER!



I KNOW HOW THAT FIRE STARTED. IT'S THE WORK OF THE DAWSONS!

THEY REALLY MEAN BUSINESS, DON'T THEY?



Dawson, Yukon Territory, Canada, became famous as a "gold-rush" town.



JUST BEFORE SHOW TIME...

MEANWHILE, THE DAWSONS  
TIE UP THE LION TRAINER..

GOSH, KIT,  
DO YOU THINK  
THE DAWSON  
GANG WILL TRY  
ANY TRICKS  
TODAY?

I'M AFRAID  
THEY WILL,  
DAN. THEY'RE  
BAD PEOPLE.

OKAY,  
KIT!  
YOU'RE ON  
FIRST!

QUIT  
STRUGGLING,  
YOU! WE  
HAVE WORK  
TO DO!

WITH THIS  
GUY OUT  
OF THE  
WAY, NO ONE  
WILL BE

ABLE  
TO HANDLE  
THAT LION.  
WE'LL FIX  
THAT BOY  
HERO!

OH, BOY,  
LOOK AT HIM  
POLE VAULT!

"HE FLIES  
THROUGH  
THE AIR!"

WHEN I PULL  
THIS WIRE, THAT  
DOOR WILL OPEN,  
AND OUT GOES  
LEO!

AND  
OUT GOES  
KIT CARTER,  
TOO!

HEY! LOOK!  
THOSE MEN  
ARE LETTING  
OUT ROARING  
LEO!

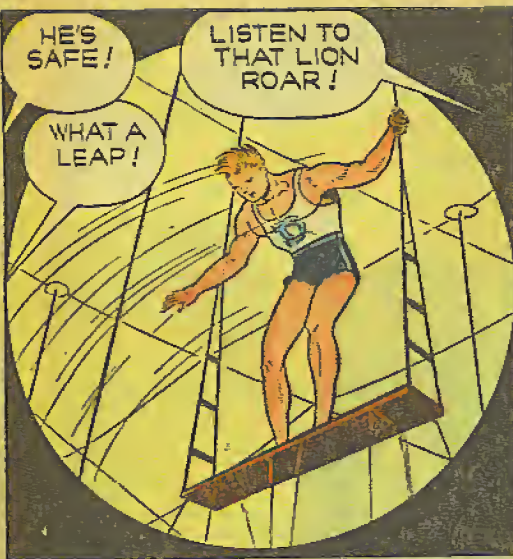
LOOK  
OUT, KIT...  
HE'S RIGHT  
BEHIND  
YOU!

THE  
LION IS  
LOOSE!

IF I MAKE THIS,  
I'LL BE LUCKY! IF  
I DON'T, I'LL BE  
LEO'S LUNCH!  
ALLEZ-OOP!

I'LL HAVE  
TO THINK FAST  
AND MOVE  
FASTER!

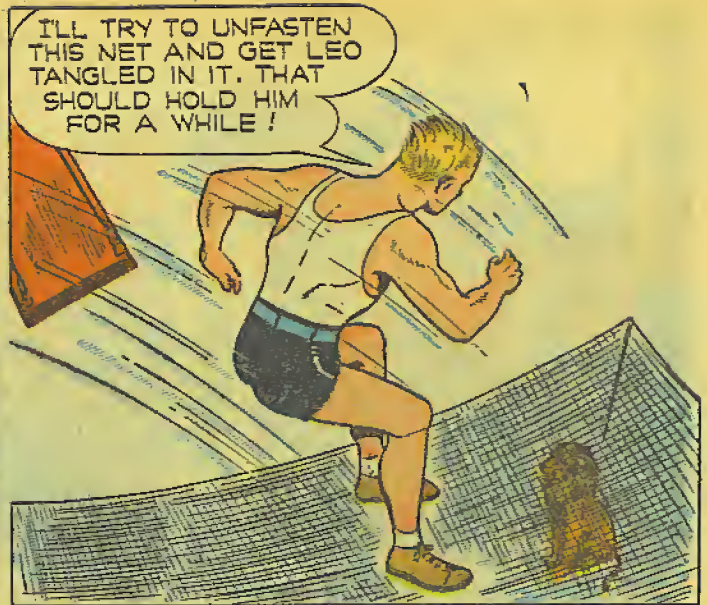




HE'S  
SAFE!

LISTEN TO  
THAT LION  
ROAR!

WHAT A  
LEAP!



I'LL TRY TO UNFASTEN  
THIS NET AND GET LEO  
TANGLED IN IT. THAT  
SHOULD HOLD HIM  
FOR A WHILE!



HANG ON,  
KIT! WE FOUND  
THE TRAINER!

LEO AND  
I WILL BOTH  
BE GLAD  
TO GET OUT  
OF THIS  
MESS!

HERE'S THE TRAINER,  
KIT. WE FOUND HIM  
BOUND AND GAGGED  
OUTSIDE. MORE  
WORK BY THE  
DAWSON MOB!

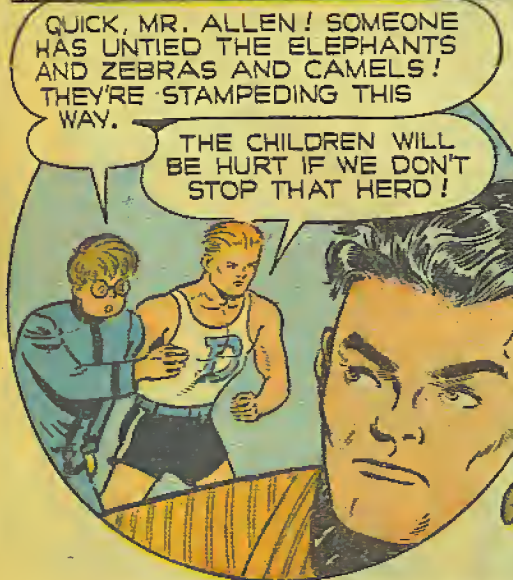


COME ON,  
LEO, BACK INTO  
YOUR CAGE!



BACK, LEO!  
BACK, LEO!

CRACK



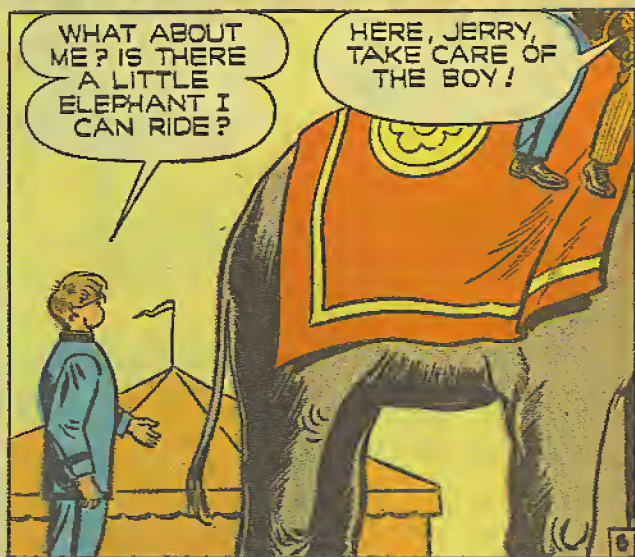
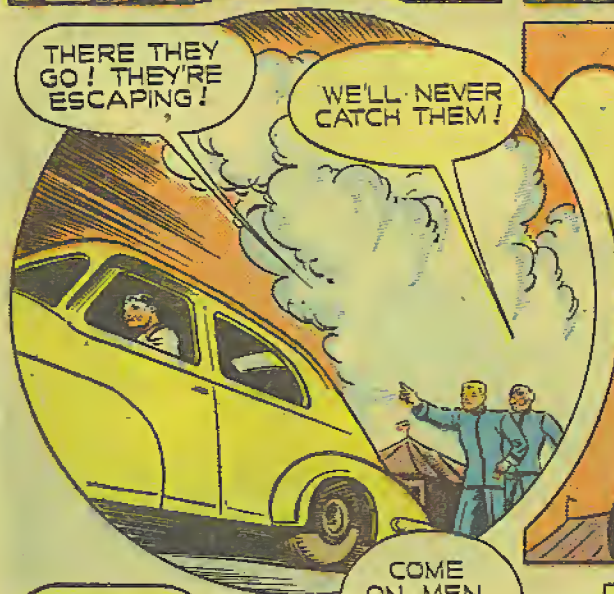
QUICK, MR. ALLEN! SOMEONE  
HAS UNTIED THE ELEPHANTS  
AND ZEBRAS AND CAMELS!  
THEY'RE STAMPEDING THIS  
WAY.

THE CHILDREN WILL  
BE HURT IF WE DON'T  
STOP THAT HERD!

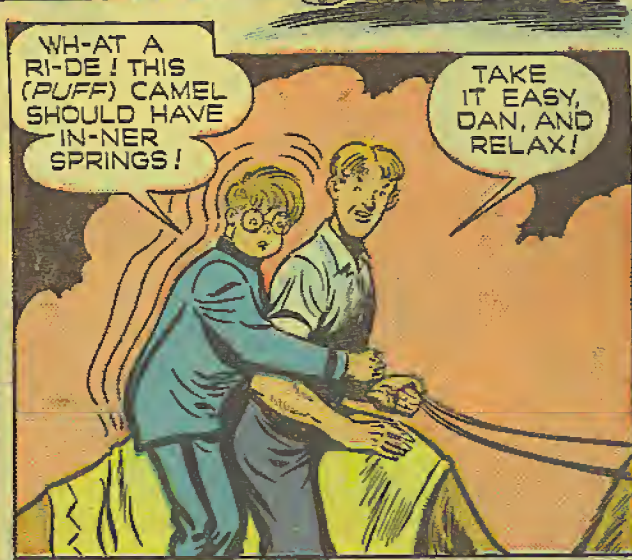
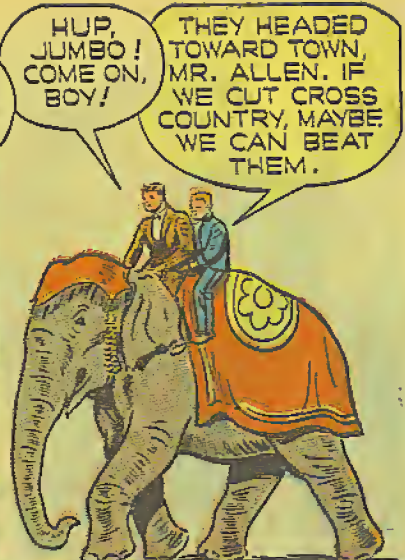
IF I CAN MAKE JUMBO STOP,  
HE'LL HALT THE REST. HI!  
JUMBO! HE-YI! HE-YI!



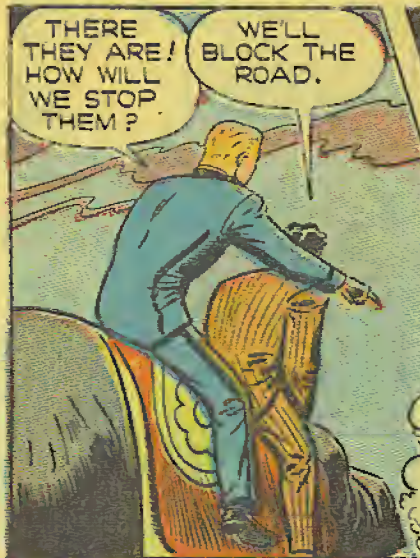












THERE THEY ARE! HOW WILL WE STOP THEM?

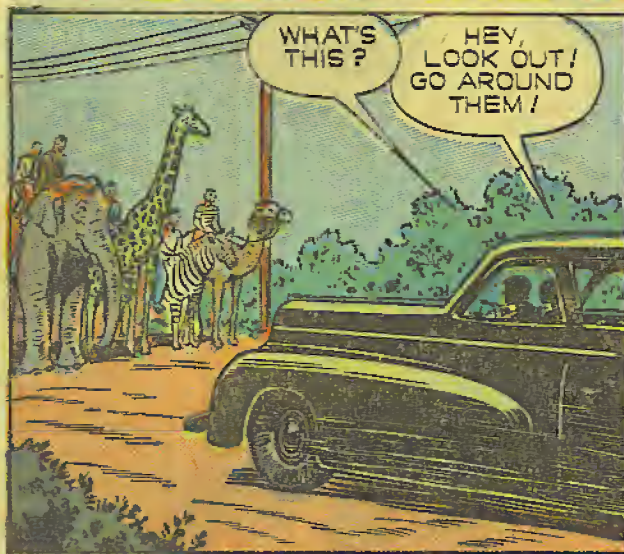
WE'LL BLOCK THE ROAD.

LINE UP THOSE ANIMALS ACROSS THE ROAD SO THE CAR CAN'T PASS!

OKAY, MR. ALLEN!

I GUESS WE FIXED ALLEN AND HIS CROWD THIS TIME!

YEAH, WE CAN GO BACK TOMORROW AND BUY UP THE WRECKAGE FOR PEANUTS!



WHAT'S THIS?

HEY, LOOK OUT! GO AROUND THEM!



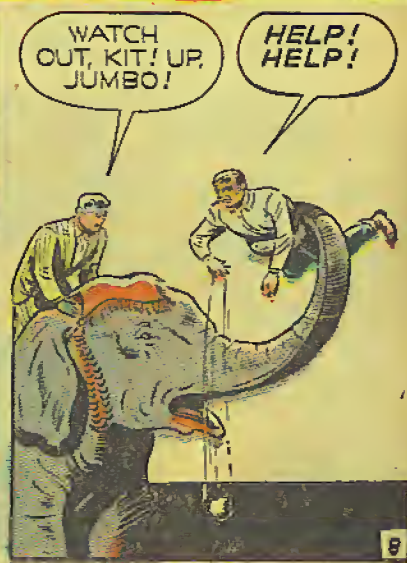
BUT IN SWERVING TO AVOID THE ELEPHANT, THE CAR SKIDS...



LET'S YOU AND I HAVE OUR OWN LITTLE CIRCUS RIGHT HERE!



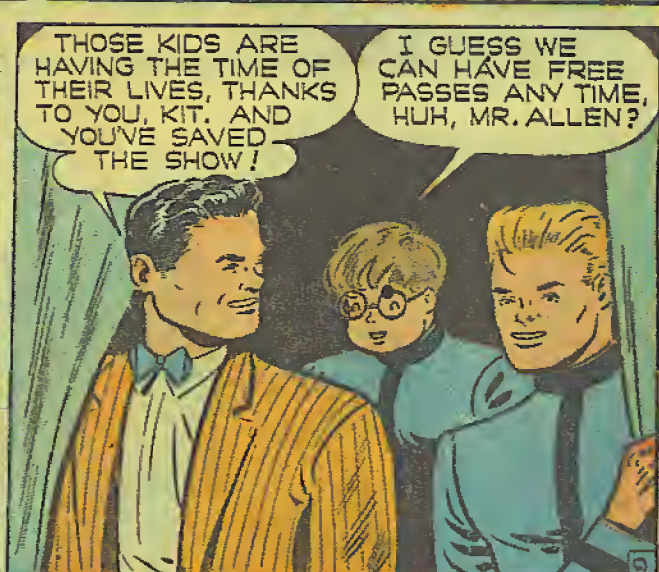
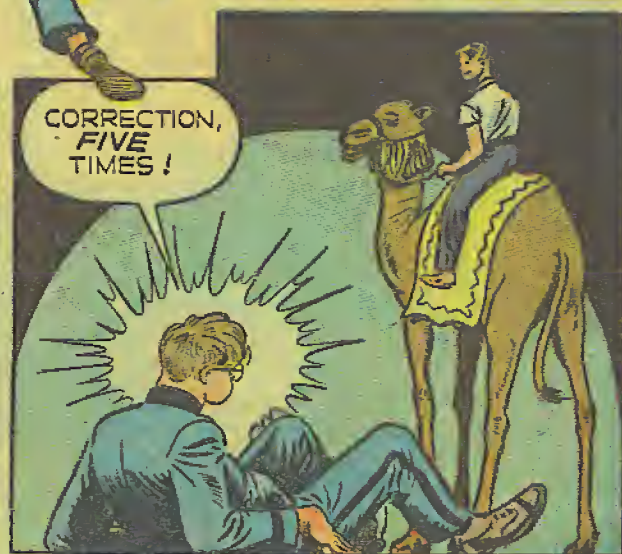
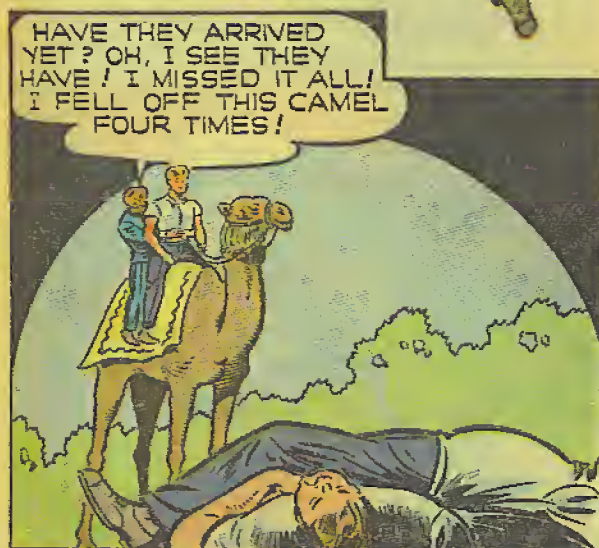
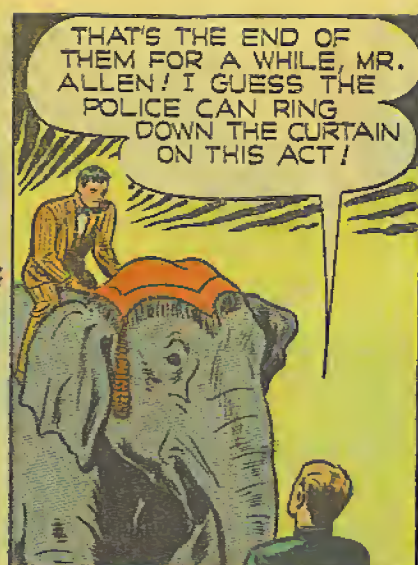
YEAH...AND YOU'LL SEE MORE THAN THREE RINGS, KID!



WATCH OUT, KIT! UP, JUMBO!

HELP! HELP!







# GARY STARK

by  
DON  
RICO



**W**HEN GARY DECIDED TO TAKE A JOB WITH ZALO, HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT HE WAS HEADING FOR THE MOST DANGEROUS ADVENTURES OF HIS YOUNG LIFE...

... FOR ZALO, KING OF A SOUTH SEA ISLAND, WAS RETURNING TO CLAIM HIS THRONE FROM THE TRAITORS OF ZALOLAND!

I AM TRULY SORRY TO TIE YOU UP, BOY, BUT IT IS NECESSARY! YOU SEE, I NEED YOUR FRIENDSHIP AND HELP!

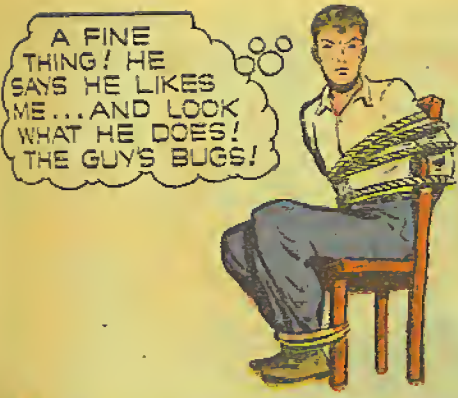
HMM! THIS IS CERTAINLY A FINE WAY TO SHOW IT, BUB!

PERHAPS! HOWEVER, WE SHALL SEE! I'LL LEAVE YOU NOW! AGAIN, BOY, I AM SORRY!



**Q**UESTION No. 5. Suva is the capital of what South Sea island group?





A FINE THING! HE SAYS HE LIKES ME... AND LOOK WHAT HE DOES! THE GUYS BUGS!



MEANWHILE, UP ON THE BRIDGE...

SIR, THERE'S A STORM COMING UP!

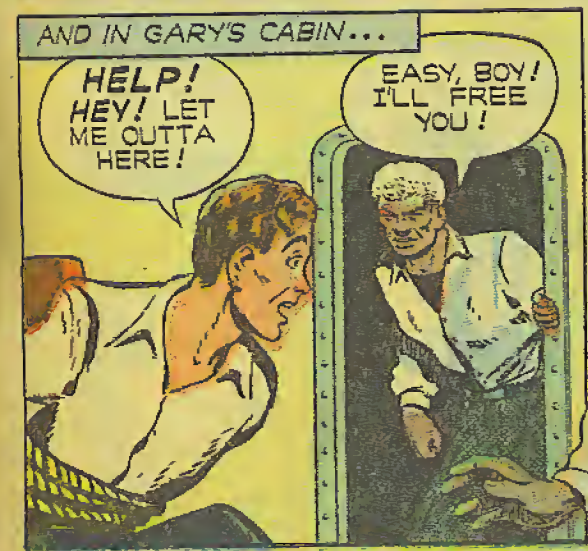
STORM? IT'S A HURRICANE!



LIKE THE GATHERING OF THE FORCES OF A VOLCANO, THE SOUTH SEA SKIES RUMBLE IN ANGER!



IN A FEW MINUTES, THE SEA IS A HEAVING MASS AND THE SHIP IS BUFFETED ABOUT LIKE A TOY!



AND IN GARY'S CABIN...

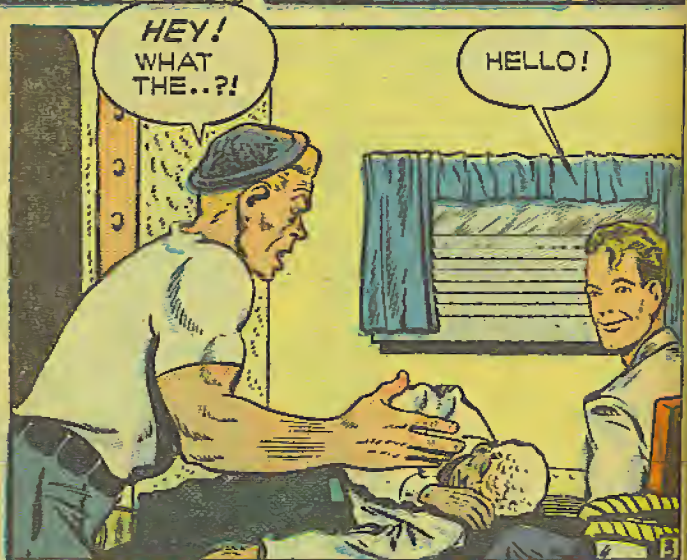
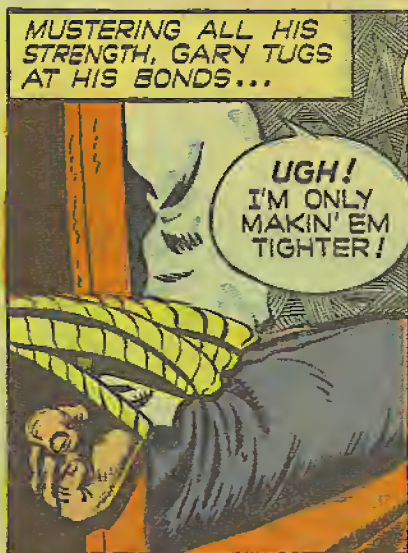
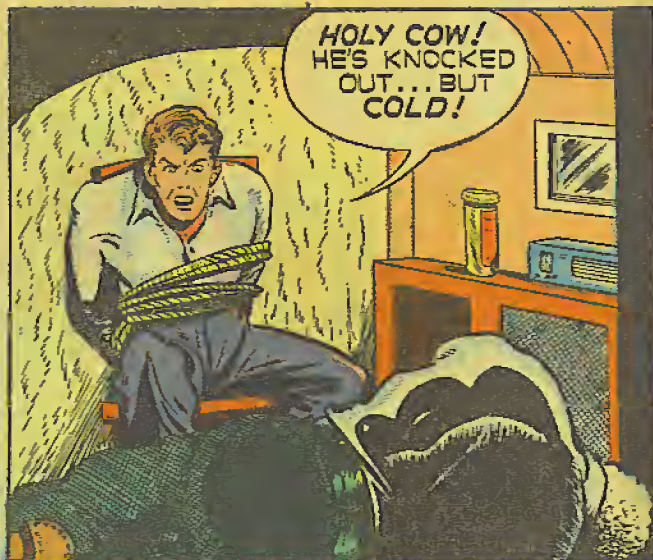
HELP! HEY! LET ME OUTTA HERE!

EASY, BOY! I'LL FREE YOU!

BUT AS ZALO GOES TO UNTIE GARY, HE SLIPS AND...







**QUESTION** No. 6. What type of shirt is the seaman wearing who goes to look for Gary?





WHAT'S GOING ON?

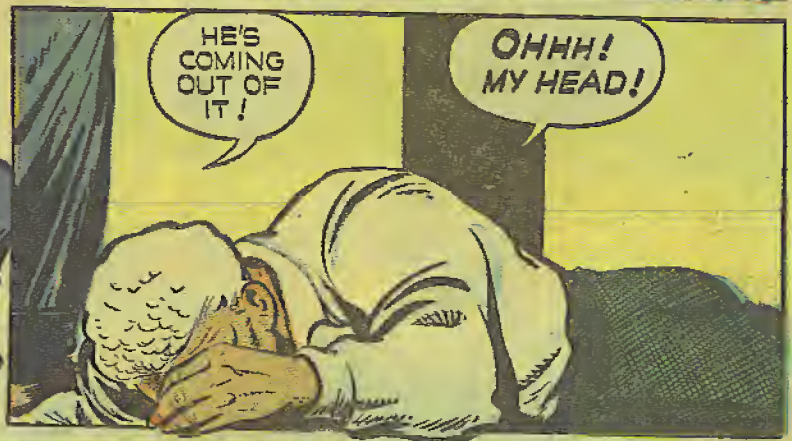
IT'S A LONG STORY, SAILOR! JUST GET ME OUT OF HERE!



DID THIS GUY TIE YOU UP?

YEAH! ...HE'S NUTS!

OOOH!



HE'S COMING OUT OF IT!

OHhh! MY HEAD!



C'MON, BUDDY! THE CAPTAIN WILL WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT TYIN' THIS KID UP!

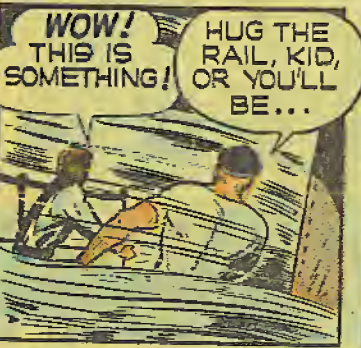
OH, NO! YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND!



MARCH!

AS YOU SAY! BUT YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE!

UP ON DECK, THEY FACE THE FULL FURY OF THE GALE!



WOW! THIS IS SOMETHING!

HUG THE RAIL, KID, OR YOU'LL BE...



LOOK OUT!

HELP!



THE GREAT WAVE WASHES GARY OVER-BOARD INTO THE MAD SEA!

**HELP!**



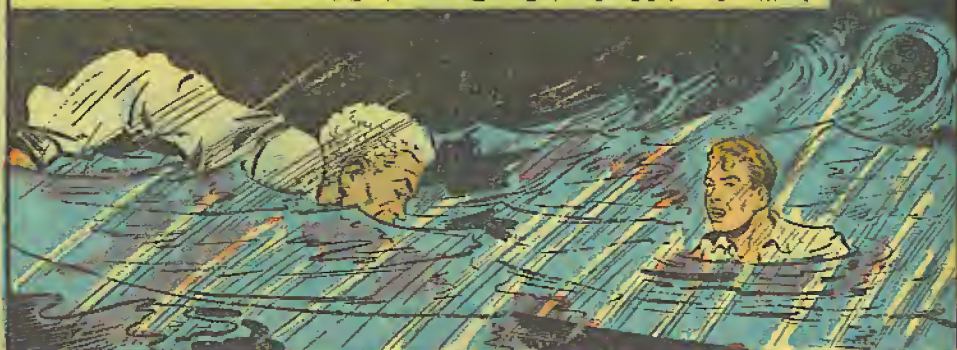
**MAN OVER-BOARD!**

AS THEY STATE IN AMERICA...YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!



**ZALO PLUNGES AFTER HIS YOUNG FRIEND!**

... AND WITH POWERFUL STROKES SWIMS OUT TO HIM!



RELAX, BOY! EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

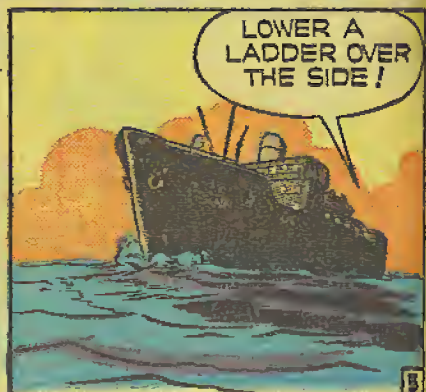
YOU ARE NOT GOING TO DIE! YOU ARE MY FRIEND!

**GLUB!**



IN THE MEANTIME, THE SHIP HAS SPUN ABOUT FOR THE RESCUE, AS THE STORM SUDDENLY BLOWS AWAY!

**LOWER A LADDER OVER THE SIDE!**



**QUESTION** No. 7. Did Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob see a ladder in a dream?



**I**N RECORD TIME, THE TWO ARE TAKEN ABOARD...THEN...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, BOY?

YES, ZALO!  
..THANKS TO YOU! YOU SAVED MY LIFE!



IT WAS NOTHING.

IT PROVED ONE THING TO ME...YOU'RE ON THE LEVEL! COUNT ME IN ON YOUR DEAL TO GET BACK YOUR THRONE! SHAKE!



I'LL BE GRATEFUL FOREVER! AND YOU WON'T BE SORRY!

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? DIDN'T THIS GUY TIE YOU UP!

IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE, SAILOR! EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW!

**A**ND AGAIN THE SHIP GOES ON ITS VOYAGE...TO GARY'S RENDEZVOUS WITH HIGH ADVENTURE!



**A** FEW DAYS LATER...



ANOTHER SHIP! PERHAPS THIS ONE BRINGS THE ROYAL SWORD OF ZALO-LAND! WITH IT I CAN BE KING!

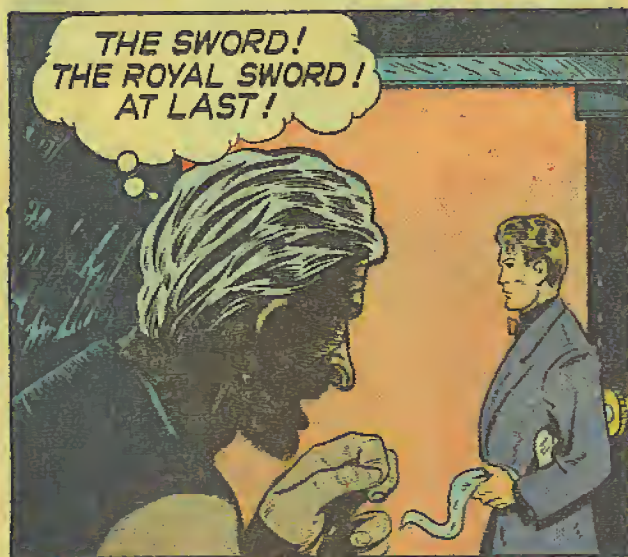


I WILL MINGLE WITH THE CREW WHEN THEY COME ASHORE! THEN I SHALL FIND OUT IF ONE OF THEM HAS IT!





**A**CCORDING TO ZALO'S PLAN, HE IS TO REMAIN HIDDEN WHILE GARY GOES ASHORE WITH THE SWORD... THEN, WHEN GARY FINDS OUT WHO WANTS THE BLADE, HE IS TO RETURN AND TELL ZALO...



**BUT BOLO SNEAKS A SWIFT BLOW TO THE BASE OF GARY'S SKULL!**







BUT A  
DAINTY  
FOOT IS  
SUDDENLY  
THRUST  
IN  
BOLO'S  
PATH!



SO NOW GARY  
KNOWS WHO WANTS  
THE ROYAL SWORD!  
BUT HE HAS ALSO  
MET THE MYSTERIOUS  
LADY JADE, BEFORE  
WHOM THIEVES  
TREMBLE! WHO IS  
SHE AND WHAT  
PART WILL SHE PLAY  
IN GARY'S LIFE?  
DON'T MISS THE  
NEXT ISSUE!

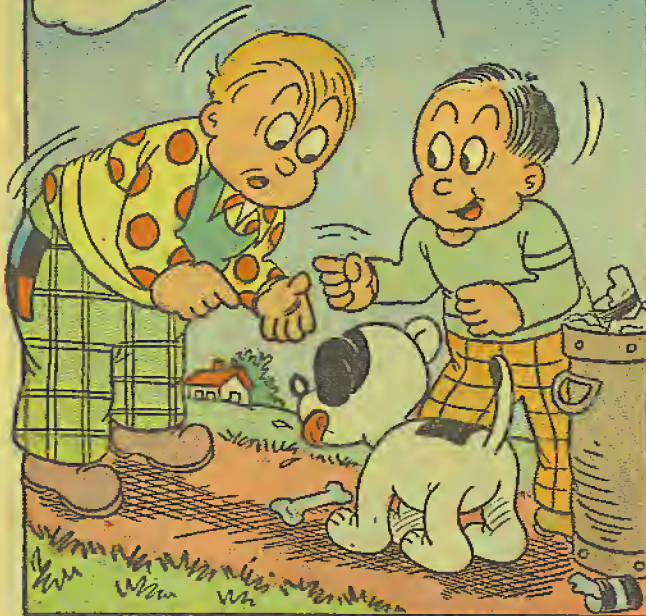




by  
MILT HAMMER

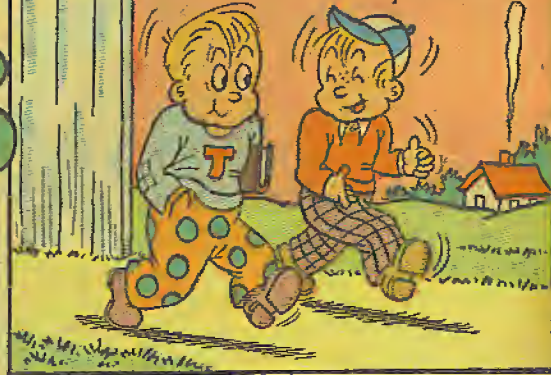
DOES THAT DOG OF YOURS  
EAT EVERYTHING, HUH ???

SURE! YOU'D BETTER  
NOT GO TOO NEAR  
HIM, PAL !!!



I WONDER WHY WE  
HAVE A THUMB ??

FER HITCH-  
HIKING, I S'POSE !!



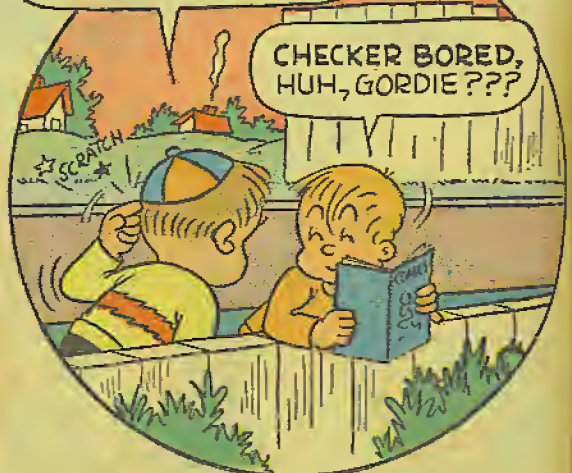
YER POP MUST BE IN THE TIRE  
BUSINESS IF HE FIXES  
FLATS, HUH ??

NAW-HE'S AN  
INTERIOR  
DECORATOR!!



Y'KNOW - I SURE  
AM TIRED OF  
PLAYING CHECKERS!!!

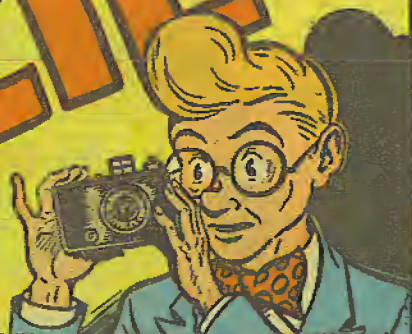
CHECKER BORED,  
HUH, GORDIE ???





# CANDID CHARLIE

DRAWN BY BOB Q. SIEGE

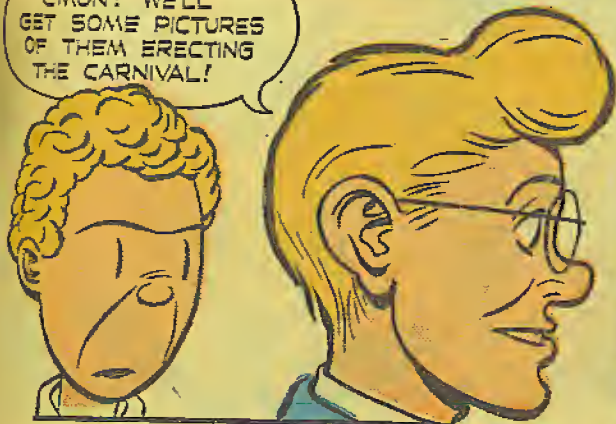


CHARLIE LIKES CARNIVAL FUN, BUT WHEN SWINDLERS TAKE \$5,000 FROM LENSVILLE CITIZENS, AND MENACE CHARLIE'S LIFE--- THAT'S CARRYING FUN TOO FAR!

OH BOY!  
CHARLIE! IT'S  
HERE AT LAST!



C'MON! WE'LL  
GET SOME PICTURES  
OF THEM ERECTING  
THE CARNIVAL!



I HOPE DEY  
GOT PLENTY OF  
SIDE SHOWS AND  
ROLLER COASTERS!





SOON--AT THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS--

CHEE! DIS DON'T  
LOOK SO HOT TO  
ME! WHERE'S DA  
MERRY-GO-ROUND  
AND DA AIRPLANE  
SPIN AND DA  
SHOOT-DA-  
CHUTES?

IT IS  
DISAPPOINTING,  
MERKIN!

TAKE A  
CHANCE

WIN A PRIZE

GOLLY, ALL  
THEY HAVE HERE  
ARE GAMES OF  
CHANCE! THAT'S  
NOT FUN!

HEY,  
YOU!!

WHADDAYA SNOOPIN'  
AROUND MY CARNIVAL  
FOR?

YEAH--  
YOU  
MAY  
FIND  
SOMETHING  
YOU DON'T  
WANT!

FRANKLY, THERE 'ISN'T  
ANYTHING I WANT!! THIS  
LOOKS LIKE  
A GAMBLING  
SETUP  
TO ME!

SMART BRAT,  
AIN'T YA---AND  
WITH A CAMERA,  
TOO!

I'LL  
TAKE CARE  
OF THAT,  
CHUCK!

SMASH THE CAMERA,  
BOSS--WHILE I GIVE FOUR-  
EYES HERE, A LITTLE  
WORKOUT!

OWH!

BUT JUST AS CHARLIE IS IN FOR A  
BEATING, HIS ASSAILANT SUDDENLY  
RELEASES HIM.

ULP! LOOK  
WHO'S COMING!

CUT IT  
OUT!

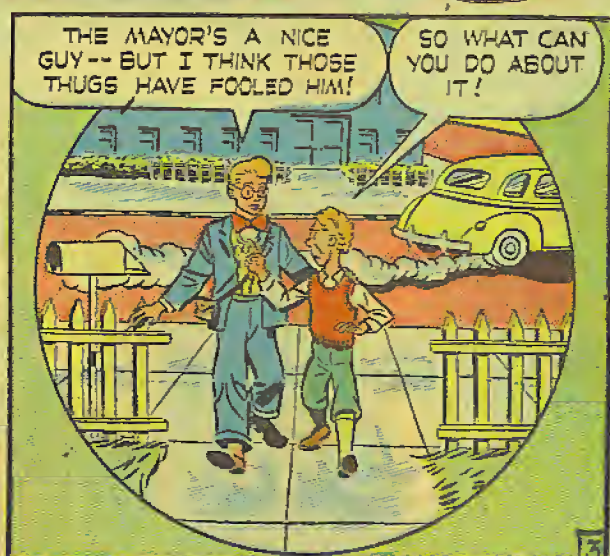
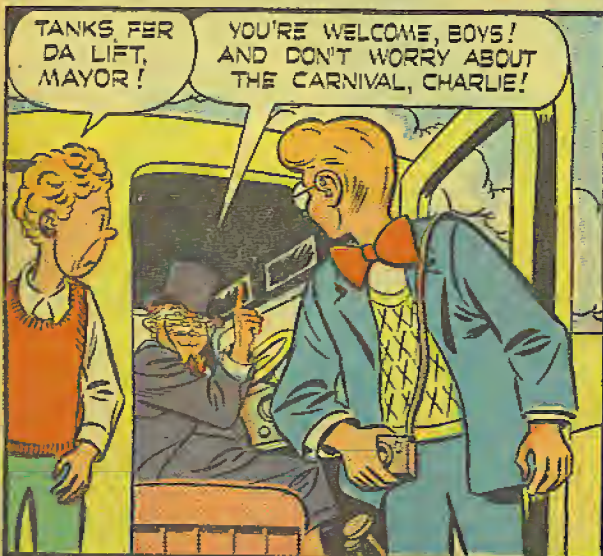
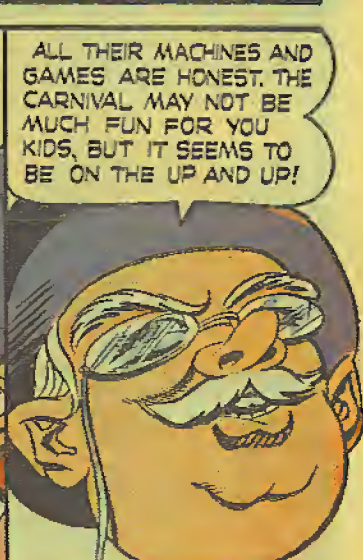
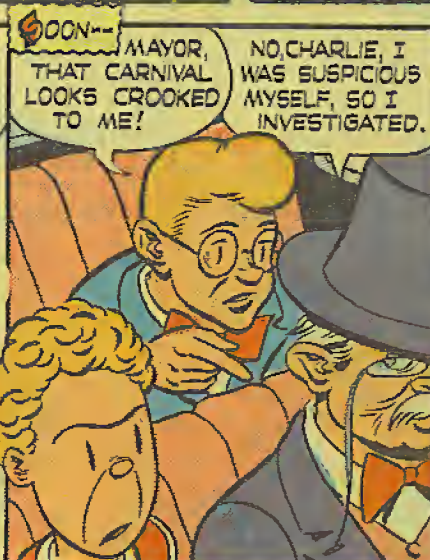
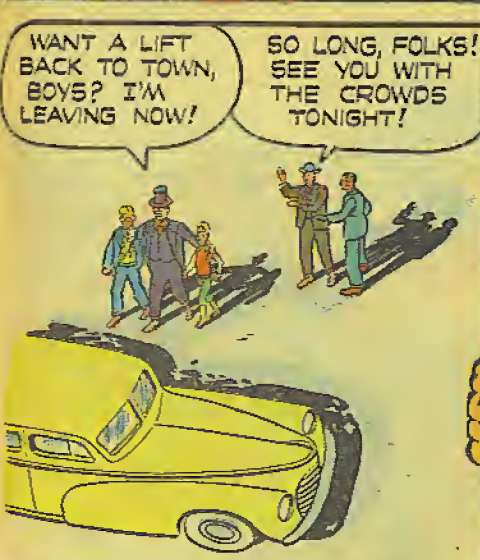
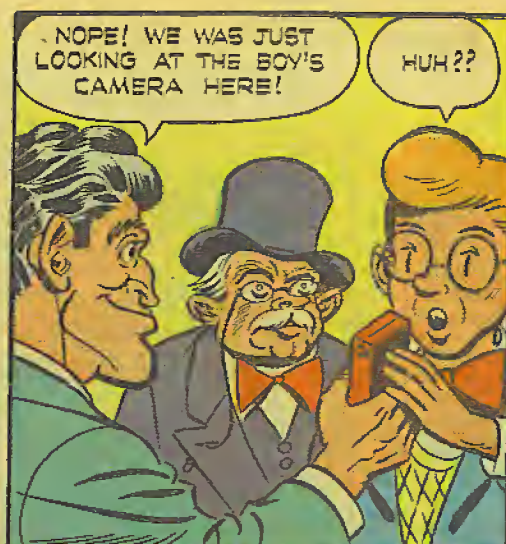
AW, CAN'T  
YOU  
TAKE  
A JOKE?  
I WANT  
US TO  
BE PALS!

HUHH?  
WHAT GOES  
ON HERE?

TAKE A  
CHANCE!

QUESTION No. 9. What was the name of the plane Lindbergh flew across the Atlantic?







YOU'LL FIND OUT TONIGHT! WE'RE NOT THROUGH WITH THAT CARNIVAL YET!



THERE'S THAT NIGHT--  
INFRARED FILM IN MY CAMERA...SO POOR LIGHTING WON'T KEEP US FROM TAKING PICTURES OF THE DIRTY WORK!

YEAH! BUT FIRST WE GOT TO FIND DA DOITY WOIK!



BUT CHARLIE IS SURPRISED BY THE GENEROSITY OF THE CARNIVAL.



GOSH! WHAT A SWELL RADIO I WON FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS!

HMM!

WHAT A WONDERFUL CARNIVAL! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH GOOD PRIZES!

CHEE! I GUESS WE WUZ WRONG!



MAYBE-- IT'S SURE A MYSTERY TO ME!

HURRY THIS WAY! WIN A CAR!

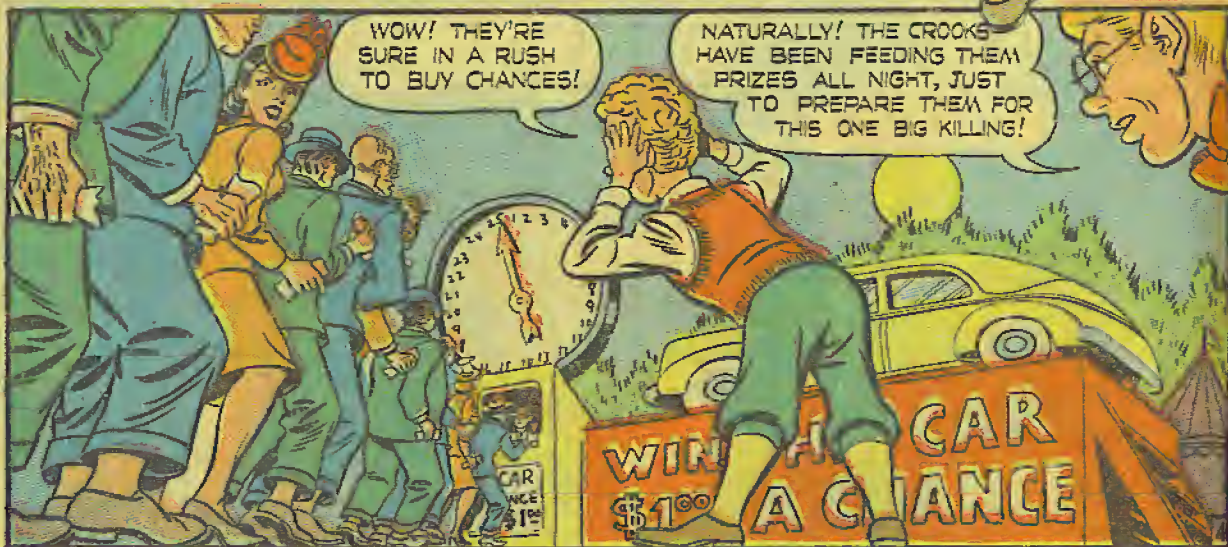
A BRAND-NEW CAR FOR ONLY A BUCK! LET ME AT IT!

GOLLY! ONLY, A DOLLAR A CHANCE!



WOW! THEY'RE SURE IN A RUSH TO BUY CHANCES!

NATURALLY! THE CROOKS HAVE BEEN FEEDING THEM PRIZES ALL NIGHT, JUST TO PREPARE THEM FOR THIS ONE BIG KILLING!



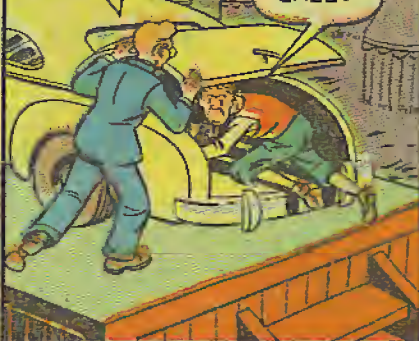




UNOBSERVED, MERKIN GETS INTO THE TRUNK OF THE PRIZE AUTO.

C'MON, SLIP INTO THE CAR TRUNK. SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO THE CAR, AND GET SOME PICTURES FOR EVIDENCE!

CHEE!



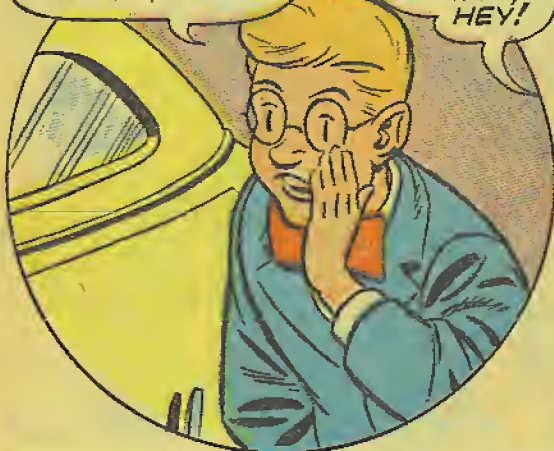
CHARLIE CLOSES THE DOOR ON MERKIN AND WAITS---

THE SUCKERS ARE SO BUSY THROWING DERE MONEY AWAY DEY DON'T SEE NOTHIN' ELSE!



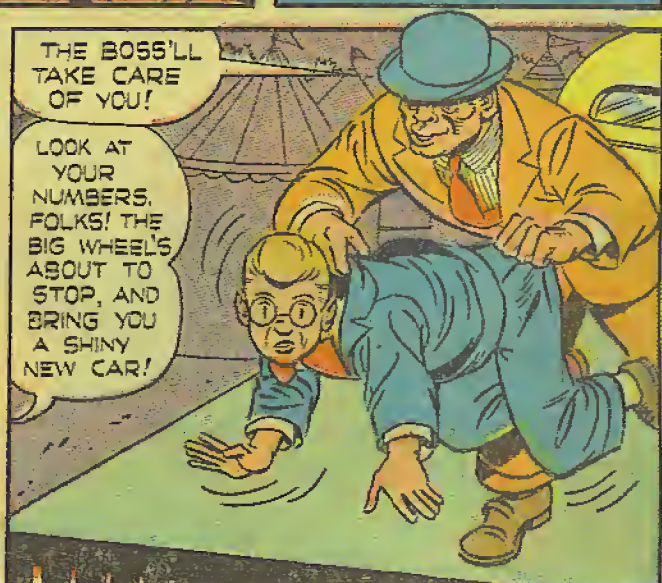
Pssst...Pssst... THEY'RE ABOUT TO DRAW THE PRIZE! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, MERKIN!

SO! YOU SNOOPIN' AROUND AGAIN, HEY!



THE BOSS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

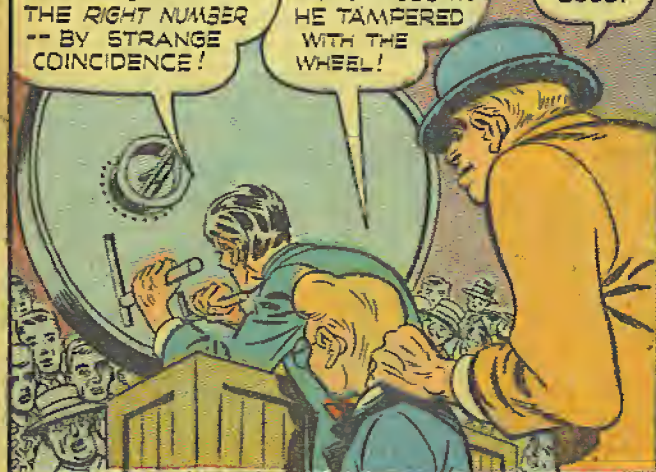
LOOK AT YOUR NUMBERS, FOLKS! THE BIG WHEEL'S ABOUT TO STOP, AND BRING YOU A SHINY NEW CAR!



--AND THE WHEEL'S GONNA STOP AT THE RIGHT NUMBER -- BY STRANGE COINCIDENCE!

HA! JUST AS I THOUGHT! HE TAMPERED WITH THE WHEEL!

HEY! BOSS!



FOOL! NOW THIS KID'S WISE! STOW HIM AWAY TILL IT'S ALL OVER!

OKAY, BOSS! HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TELL WHAT HE'S SEEN!





A MOMENT LATER THE PRIZE CAR IS AWARDED AND DRIVEN OFF!

CHEE! HOPE DIS GUY DOESN'T GO FAR!

LUCKY GUY!

THIS CARNIVAL GAVE THE BEST PRIZES EVER!

A MINUTE LATER--ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CARNIVAL---

HERE'S YOUR PRIZE BACK, BOSS! THE SUCKERS FELL FOR IT AS USUAL!

HERE'S THE PAYOFF, AL!

AND HERE'S WHERE I GET OUT!

WAIT TILL THE COPS SEE THIS PHOTO!

WHAT A SMOOTH RACKET THIS IS! WE TOOK IN OVER FIVE GRAND!



SOON--

HEY, QUICK!! DEVELOP DESE PITCHERS ...BUT FAST! ME PAL, CHARLIE'S, DISAPPEARED ...AND YOU FLATFOOTS GOTTA HELP ME!

CHARLIE'S IN TROUBLE? GIVE US THOSE PICTURES!

WANTED

POLICE CHIEF

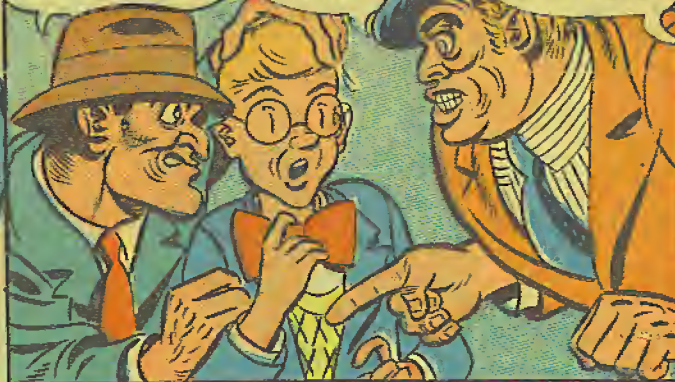


LATER, AS THE CARNIVAL IS BREAKING UP TO MOVE TO ANOTHER TOWN---

YOU'RE A SMART KID --BUT BRAINS AIN'T GONNA HELP YOU NOW!

LET'S THROW HIM IN THE RIVER!

C'MON, COPPERS! OVER HERE!



THE PITCHERS CONVINCED DA BULLS, CHARLIE!

COME ON, PUNKS! YOUR RACKET IS BUSTED FOR GOOD!

I KNEW I SHOULDA BUSTED DAT CAMERA!



Later--


YOU SAVED OUR CITIZENS, THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS --- AND BROKE UP A RACKET THAT WOULD HAVE CHEATED MANY OTHER TOWNS! CONGRATULATIONS!

MAYBE THE NEXT CARNIVAL WILL GIVE US SOME REAL FUN!





# THE WRONG GUN



by W. Cuthbert

IT was Jimmy Cain's first job, and his first pay day. He was mighty happy to be working for the Alpha Publishing Company.

Of course he was only an office boy now, starting at the bottom. But if hard work meant anything, eventually he'd get that job in the art department, and some day he'd be a big-name illustrator.

Jimmy's job was to carry copy to the various departments, but at the moment most of the office force was out to lunch, and there was nothing for him to do. As was his habit, he took a pencil and pad from his pocket and looked about the office for an object to sketch. He knew that continual practice would make him a better artist, preparing him for the day when his chance would come.

The big safe, from which the paymaster was taking bags of money, fascinated him. He began to draw a picture of the scene before him. He became so interested that he failed to hear the office door open and the soft footsteps behind him.

A voice suddenly snapped. "We'll take that money!"

Jimmy looked up to see

three masked men with menacing guns in their hands. Frightened, he dropped the pad and backed against Mary Harvey's desk. Mary was helping to put money into envelopes, but when she saw the men she raised her hand to her mouth to hold back a scream. Just then Mr. Battles, the paymaster, grabbed a gun from an open desk drawer. He was too late. One of the bandits shot him.

The masked man who pulled the trigger showed signs of nervousness when his handkerchief mask slid down to his neck. He jerked the mask back into place—waited momentarily as Mr. Battles slid to the floor, then with his companions, grabbed up the bags of money.

The robbers, after threatening harm to Jimmy and Mary if they didn't remain quiet, vanished as quickly as they had appeared.

The noise of the plant presses adjoining the office had drowned out the report of the shot which killed the paymaster. It was Mary's delayed scream which brought the plant foreman running into the office.

Jimmy forgot his fear as an idea for a sketch entered

his mind. As Mary, sobbing, told what had happened, Jimmy drew the face of the robber whose mask had slipped from his face.

Then things began to happen quickly. The police arrived, and they soon learned that Mary was useless to them. She had been too frightened to notice anything of importance which might help to capture the robbers. It was Jimmy's glimpse of the killer's face that gave the police hope.

Jimmy was taken to Police Headquarters to study the photographs in the Rogues' Gallery. Some of the faces were ugly, and they frightened him. Others were pleasant to look at, and he wondered how these men could be criminals.

After an hour the ordeal began to get monotonous, and he began to doubt that he would find the face. Then, suddenly, he gasped. One photograph, a full face and profile of a lantern-jawed man, was almost certainly that of the killer.

"This is the man," Jimmy told Police Captain O'Brien, who was standing near by.

"Hnm," the Captain said, "Big Tom Daley." He nodded to two detectives and



added, "Go pick him up, boys."

In a short time Big Tom Daley was brought to Headquarters. But he had an airtight alibi. Three of his friends were ready to swear that he had been with them all day.

Captain O'Brien was telling Jimmy's boss that he couldn't hope to convict Big Tom without more evidence, when Big Tom's lawyer arrived.

Jimmy couldn't grasp all of what followed. He couldn't understand how justice was being done when Big Tom, smiling, was allowed to leave Police Headquarters with his lawyer.

Jimmy's boss explained that Big Tom had been permitted to post bail until the time when he would be brought to trial.

For weeks Jimmy went about his work, dismayed. He knew he would be the main witness against Big Tom, yet the robber and killer would go free because the lies of his friends would prove to a jury that he wasn't at the scene of the crime.

When the day of the trial arrived, Jimmy sat between Captain O'Brien and his boss. He went to the witness stand, was questioned by two lawyers, then sat hopelessly by as Big Tom and his friends took the stand.

Captain O'Brien whispered to Jimmy's boss as he shook his head: "We know Big Tom killed your paymaster and stole your

money, but he's going to go free."

The testimony was heard quickly, and a recess was called while the jury retired to reach a verdict.

What could Jimmy do to prove that Big Tom was guilty. He knew the police had done everything in their power to find evidence to convict the criminal, but their efforts had proved fruitless.

Something just had to be done. If Big Tom left the courtroom a free man, he would only commit more robberies, perhaps kill someone else.

Then an idea flashed through Jimmy's mind, and he hurried out of the courtroom. He was thankful that it was rubbish collection day for the people who lived in the houses near the court. He needed a large piece of cardboard in a hurry, and he found a suit box on top of an ash can. He tore off the top of the box and hurried back into the courtroom.

He took his seat again and began to sketch out a drawing on the cardboard. He was drawing all of the time the jury was locked in the room, and finished his sketch shortly before the judge called the court to order.

His boss and Captain O'Brien took their seats on either side of him as the jury filed into the box.

He watched the confident smile on Big Tom's face when his lawyer whispered to him.

Then Jimmy braced himself. He knew that what he was about to do would be out of order in the courtroom. The judge might get mad and fine him, or even send him to jail for contempt. But he had to take the chance.

He jumped up suddenly and rushed to Big Tom. Holding up his drawing, he shouted, "You're guilty! I saw you shoot Mr. Battles! This drawing shows you doing it."

Jimmy had drawn a picture of the thug with his handkerchief mask hanging about his neck. He was featured in the act of shooting the paymaster. The gunman's face resembled Big Tom's — but the man was holding a rifle in his hand.

"You're crazy, kid." Big Tom smiled. "You couldn't have seen that — the killer is usin' a rifle, and I used a revolver—"

Big Tom's smile left his face when he suddenly realized that Jimmy had tricked him with the drawing. He became enraged and reached out to grab Jimmy, but Captain O'Brien stepped between them.

"You just talked your way into the electric chair, Big Tom," Captain O'Brien said.

Later, Jimmy's boss looked at the drawing with a critical eye. "Nice job, Jimmy," he said. "I think we better transfer you to the art department."

THE END



# The TARGET

## and the TARGETEERS

IT TOOK THE INGENUITY  
AND COURAGE OF THE  
TARGETEERS, AND ALMOST  
THE LIFE OF TINA, TO SOLVE...  
THE CASE OF THE  
SMUGGLERS' BREAD



STYMIED BY A NEW SMUG-  
GLING CASE, THE CHIEF OF  
POLICE TALKS THINGS OVER  
WITH THE TARGETEERS.....

IT DOESN'T SEEM  
POSSIBLE TO SMUGGLE  
IN SO MUCH OPIUM WITH  
ALL THE POLICE STA-  
TIONED AT THE  
BORDER.

IF I DON'T BREAK  
THIS CASE SOON,  
I MIGHT AS WELL  
RESIGN. I'M ASK-  
ING YOU BOYS  
TO HELP WHAT  
DO YOU SAY?

YOU CAN  
COUNT  
ON US,  
CHIEF!

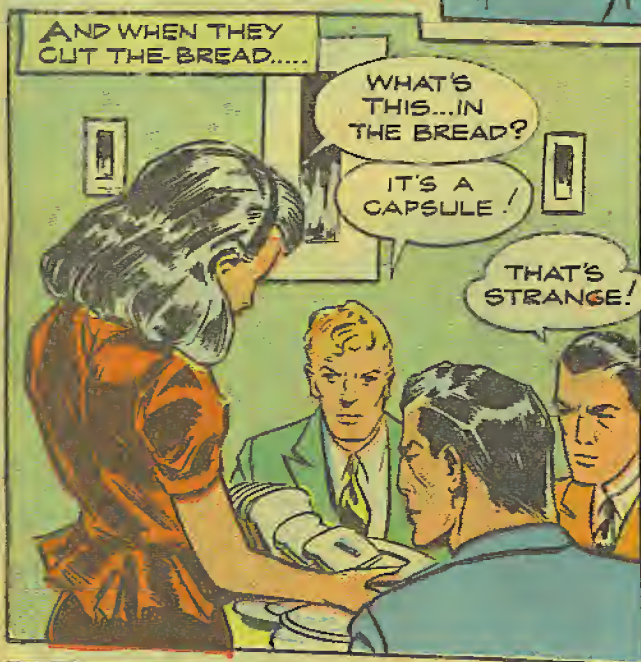
SURE  
THING!  
WE'LL DO  
ALL WE  
CAN!

YOU  
BET!

I TELL YOU,  
FELLOWS, WE  
CAN'T SEEM TO  
GET OUR HANDS  
ON A SINGLE  
CLUE.

DAILY BLAB  
POLICE FAIL TO  
CATCH SMUGGLERS  
OF OPIUM  
CITY FLOODED WITH  
NARCOTICS -  
METHODS OF  
UNKNOWN









I'LL TALK/I'LL TALK!  
I DIDN'T WANT TO GET  
MIXED UP WITH THIS,  
BUT THEY SAID THEY'D  
KILL ME IF I DIDN'T  
DISTRIBUTE THE BREAD.  
THEY BAKE IT AT THE  
RIVER...PIER 14...THE  
WAREHOUSE. I  
GAVE THE BREAD  
TO TINA BY  
MISTAKE!

THERE IT  
IS / THE  
WARE-  
HOUSE  
ON PIER 14!

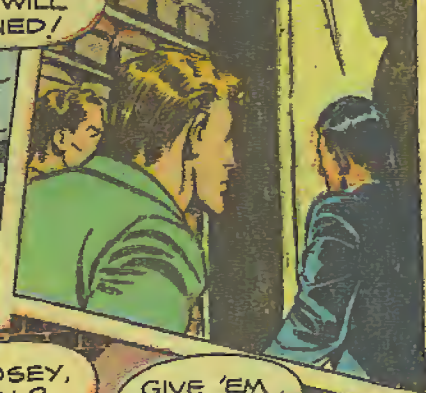
LOOKS  
EMPTY!

BUT LOOK  
AT ALL  
THAT BREAD

LET'S BREAK  
A LOAF AND  
SEE IF IT  
CONTAINS  
A CAPSULE!

WE MAY HELP  
THE CHIEF  
SOONER THAN  
A WE THOUGHT!

YES, BUT MY  
DINNER WILL  
BE RUINED!



BUT THEIR ACTIONS  
ARE WATCHED.....



SNOOPERS,  
BOYS!

LET'S  
GET 'EM!

THIS BREAD HAS  
OPIUM, TOO. THEY  
PROBABLY ALL  
HAVE THE CAPSULE.



OH!

NOSEY,  
EH?

GIVE 'EM  
A GOOD  
LESSON,  
BOYS!

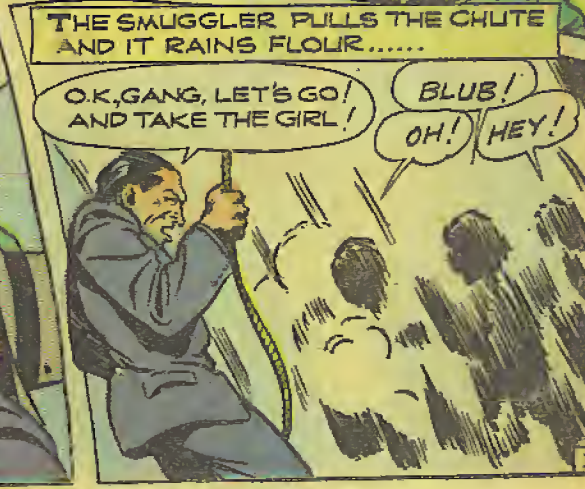


THE TARGETEERS  
QUICKLY RECOVER....

GET AWAY  
FROM THE  
CHUTE,  
MEN!

I MAY BE  
NOSEY....  
BUT I CAN GET  
FISTY TOO!

HERE'S ONE FOR  
YOUR BREADBASKET!



THE SMUGGLER PULLS THE CHUTE  
AND IT RAINS FLOUR.....

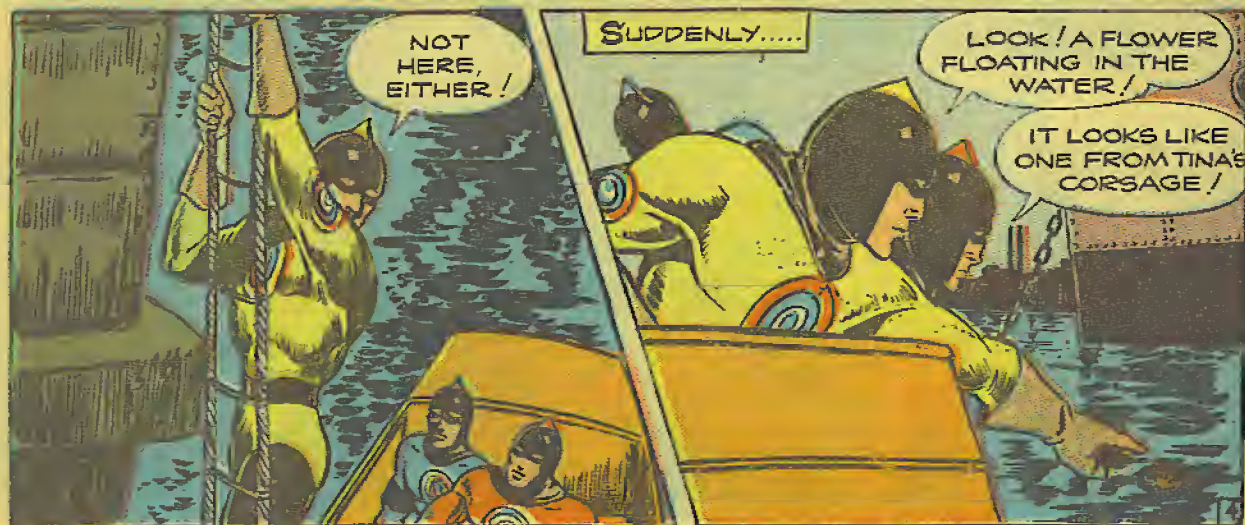
O.K., GANG, LET'S GO!  
AND TAKE THE GIRL!

BLUB!

OH!

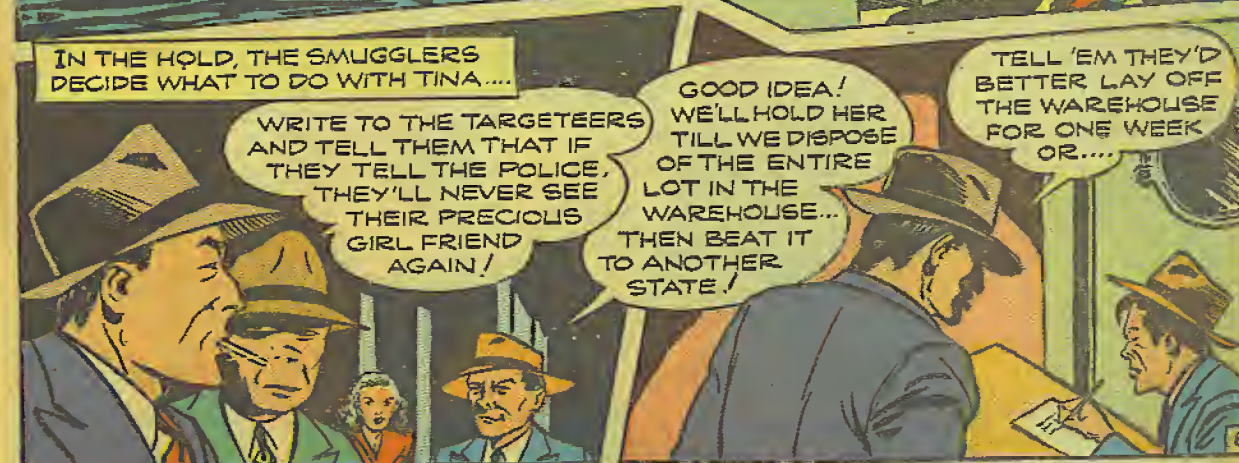
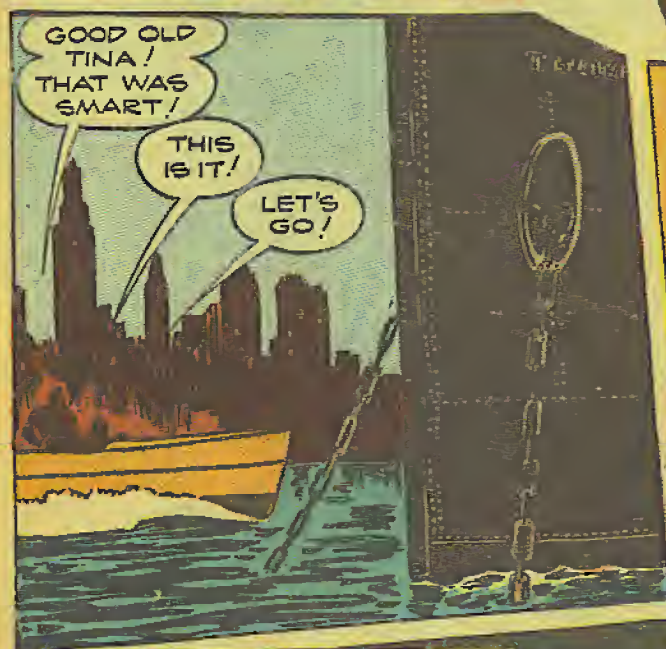
HEY!





**Q** UESTION  
No. 12. What popular orchestra leader is also a top-flight speedboat racer?

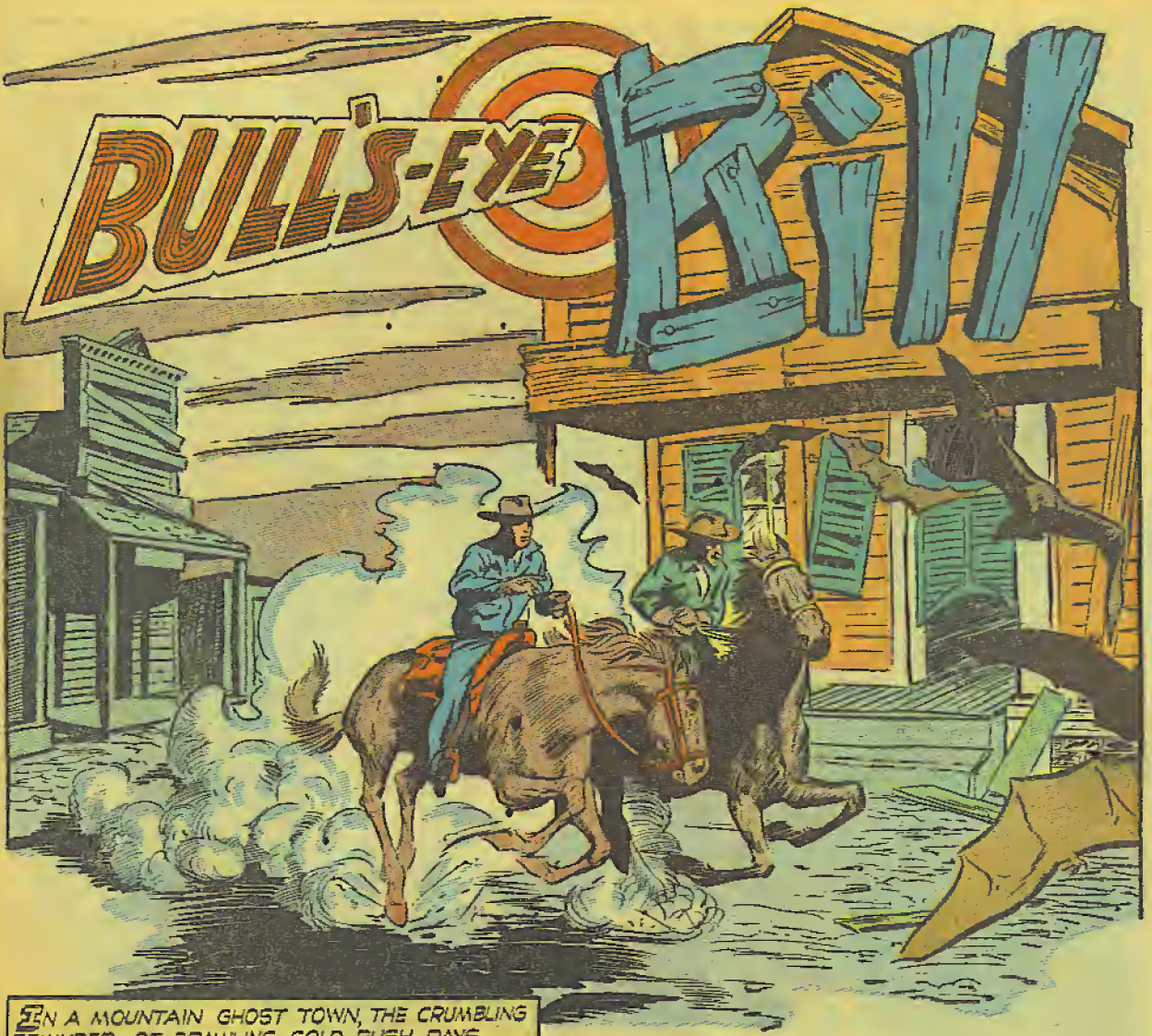








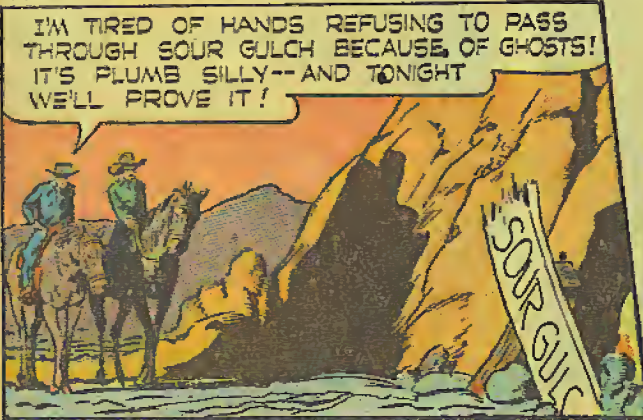




IN A MOUNTAIN GHOST TOWN, THE CRUMBLING REMINDER OF BRAWLING GOLD RUSH DAYS, BULL'S-EYE BILL WAGES A STRANGE BATTLE WITH AN EERIE, UNKNOWN OPPONENT.

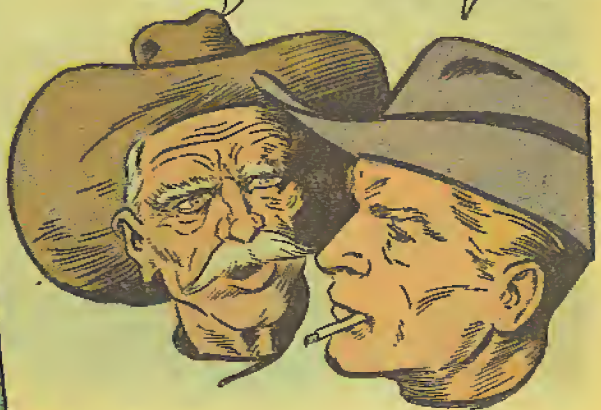
AFTER A HARD DAY'S RIDE, BULL'S-EYE BILL AND RAWHIDE IKE REACH THEIR DESTINATION.

I'M TIRED OF HANDS REFUSING TO PASS THROUGH SOUR GULCH BECAUSE OF GHOSTS! IT'S PLUMB SILLY--AND TONIGHT WE'LL PROVE IT!



BILL, YUH DON'T RECKON THERE MIGHT REALLY BE GHOSTS A-HAUNTIN' THE TOWN, DO YOU?

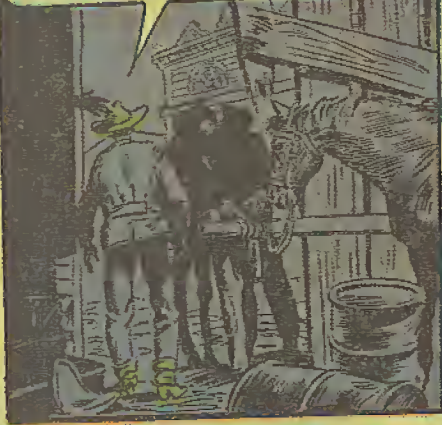
OF COURSE NOT!



TARGET COMICS



WAL, IT'S GETTIN' MIGHTY DARK!  
IFIN ANY GHOSTS DO SHOW UP,  
I'LL START A-SHOOTIN'!



THERE AINT NO  
WIND, AND--ULP!  
LISSEN!



SUDDENLY, A HAND REACHES  
OUT OF THE DARK---

HEY!! THERE GOES  
MY HAT!



GOL-DING IT! I DON'T  
LIKE  
THIS  
PLACE!

LOOK!  
LIGHTS  
FLITTING THROUGH  
THE BUILDINGS!



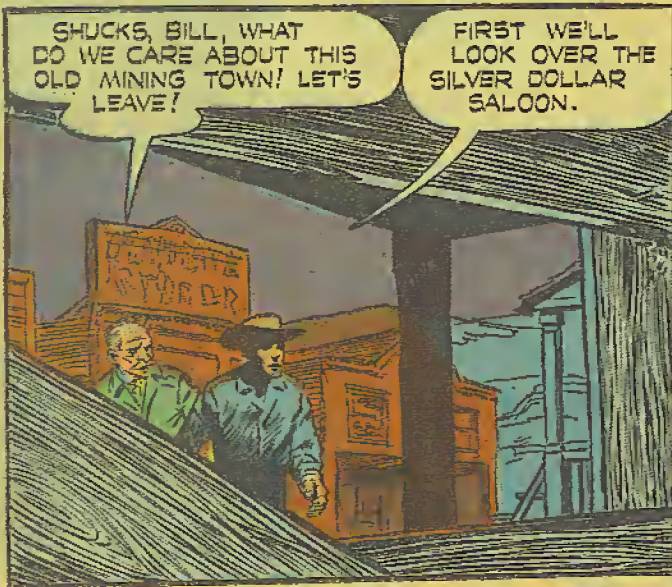
BILL! IT'S GONE!  
A GHOST MUSTA DONE IT!

YOU'RE JUMPY AS  
A CRICKET, IKE! THE  
WIND BLEW IT OFF!



SHUCKS, BILL, WHAT  
DO WE CARE ABOUT THIS  
OLD MINING TOWN! LET'S  
LEAVE!

FIRST WE'LL  
LOOK OVER THE  
SILVER DOLLAR  
SALOON.



INSIDE THE SALOON--

YE-O-W!!

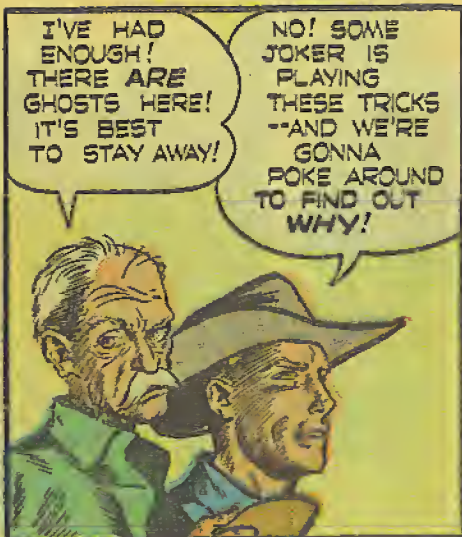






WHO'S YOUR FRIEND, IKE?

CONSERN IT, HE'S WEARIN' MY HAT! IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH! THERE ARE GHOSTS HERE! IT'S BEST TO STAY AWAY!

NO! SOME JOKER IS PLAYING THESE TRICKS --AND WE'RE GONNA POKE AROUND TO FIND OUT WHY!



CONTINUING THE SEARCH, THEY MAKE A DISCOVERY IN AN OLD SHACK---

FRESHLY MINED ORE! SOMEBODY'S WORKING THE OLD SHAFTS!

WATCHING-- IS THE "GHOST," JIM PARKER....

THEY FOUND IT! FIRST TIME MY LITTLE SCARE ACT DIDN'T WORK! I'LL HAVE TO USE DIFFERENT METHODS!



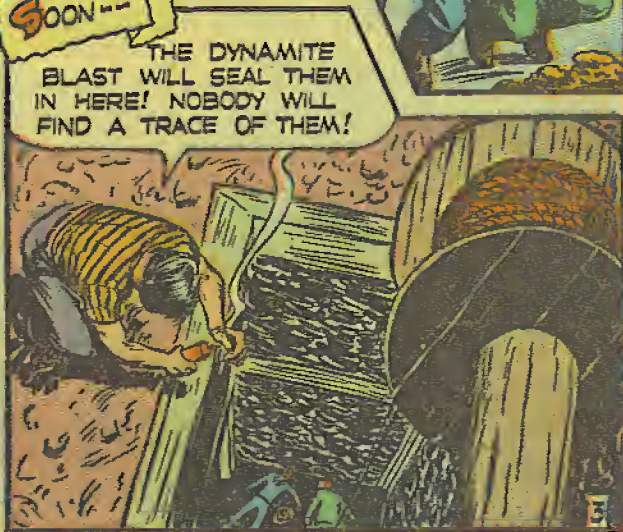
SOON---



I'M KEEPING THE GOLD FOR MYSELF, CHUMS!



YOU AND YOUR PAL CAN COOL OFF IN ONE OF THE OLD MINE SHAFTS!



THE DYNAMITE BLAST WILL SEAL THEM IN HERE! NOBODY WILL FIND A TRACE OF THEM!



**A**S THE DEADLY FUSE SHORTENS, BILL REVIVES.

OW, MY HEAD! NO GHOST COULD PACK A WALLOP LIKE THAT!

**D**RIVING WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, BILL SNUFFS OUT THE FUSE WITH ONE SHOT.

WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT ORNERY GHOST!

HURRY! HE'S A KILLER!

ULP! DYNAMITE!

IN A NEARBY SHACK--

WHY DOESN'T THAT DYNAMITE GO UP?

THERE'S OUR GHOST! I'LL GIVE HIM A TASTE OF HIS OWN "SPIRITS"!

**B**ILL KNOCKS OVER THE LAMP WITH A LONG STICK.

OH! WHAT'S THAT?

IKE TOSSES IN SOME TUMBLEWEED.

HELP! WHAT'S TOUCHING ME? STOP IT!!

THIS IS THE GHOST OF BONANZA BUTCH TALKING!

**CRASH!**



BONANZA BUTCH  
DOESN'T LIKE GREENHORNS  
A-DIGGIN' IN SOUR GULCH!

I WAS ONLY TRYING  
TO KEEP PEOPLE AWAY!  
IT TOOK AN EASTERNER  
LIKE ME TO REALIZE OLD-  
TIMERS MUST HAVE OVER-  
LOOKED A LOT OF GOLD!

I'VE BEEN DIGGING IT  
UP, BUT IF PEOPLE  
COME I'LL HAVE TO  
SHARE  
IT!

HUH!  
THEY WON'T  
TAKE IT,  
FARDNER!


OW-OO-OW-OO-OO

WHAT YOU DUG UP IS NOTHIN' BUT IRON  
PYRITES--BETTER KNOWN AS "FOOL'S  
GOLD"!

NO! IT CAN'T  
BE TRUE!

SHUT UP!  
STOP  
TELLING  
ME THOSE  
LIES!

DUCK, IKE!  
I'LL GET HIM  
THROUGH  
THE DOOR!

 MOMENT LATER ---

BLAST YOU--  
YOU'RE NOT A  
GHOST!

NEITHER ARE  
YOU-- SO QUIT  
COMPLAINING!

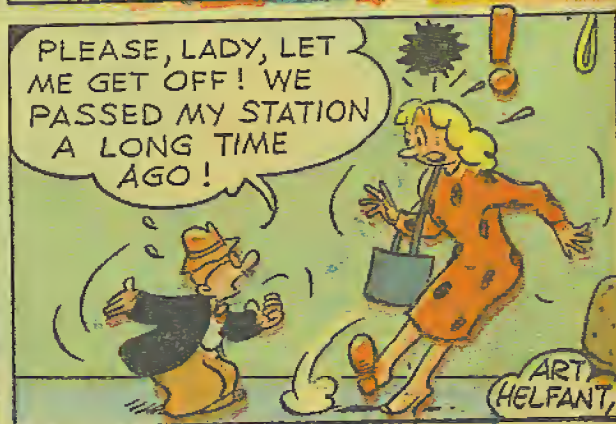
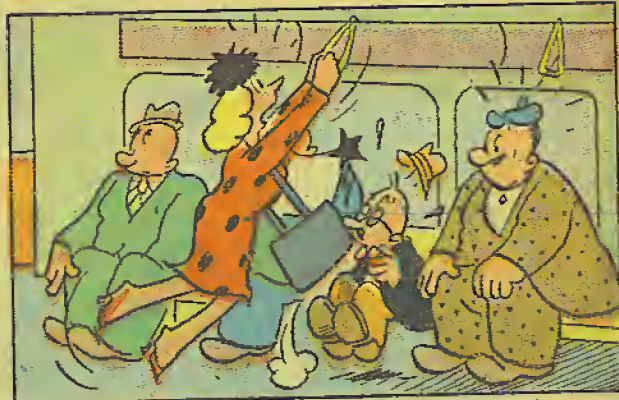
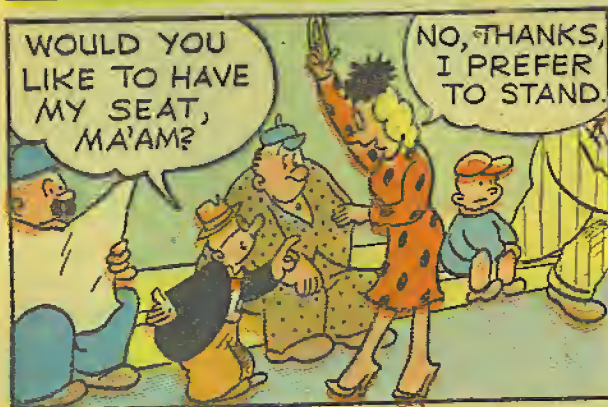
SOON---  
YOU HAUNTED THE TOWN  
FOR NOTHING, FELLA. THAT "FOOL'S  
GOLD" ISN'T  
WORTH THE TIME  
YOU'LL SPEND IN  
THE PEN!

WAL--  
SOUR GULCH  
IS STILL A  
GHOST TOWN, BUT  
NOW IT AIN'T GOT  
GHOSTS!



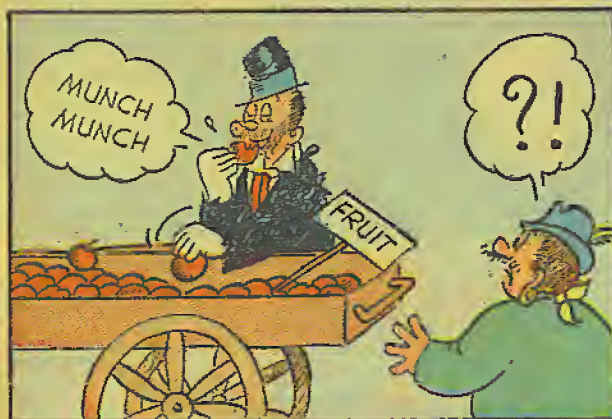
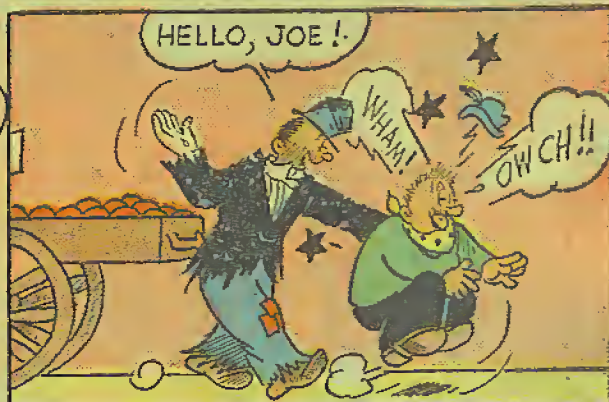
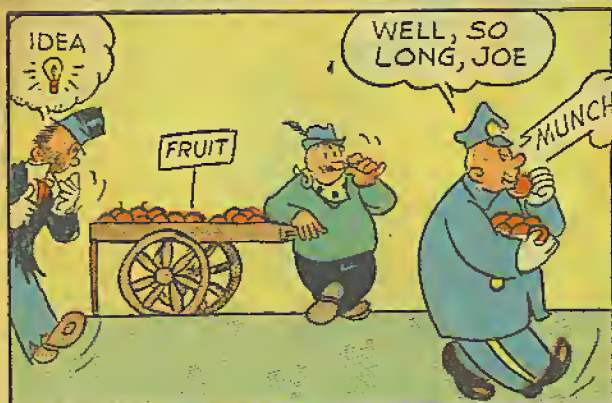
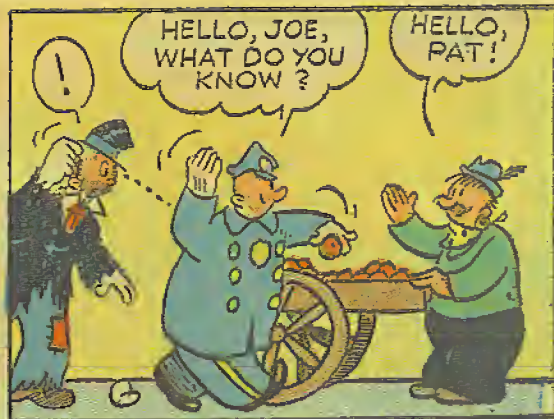
# TIMID TIM

IN  
"HAVE MY SEAT"





# HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO





PETE STOCKBRIDGE

# The CHAMELEON

THE SIMPLE PURCHASE OF A FEW BAGS OF CEMENT NEARLY DOOMED BRUCE AND BARTON KLEM AND ALMOST BROUGHT DISASTER TO THE PEACEFUL TOWN OF CARDVILLE. THE "CHAMELEON" STILL REMEMBERS THE INCIDENT AS THE MURDER WITHOUT A CORPSE.



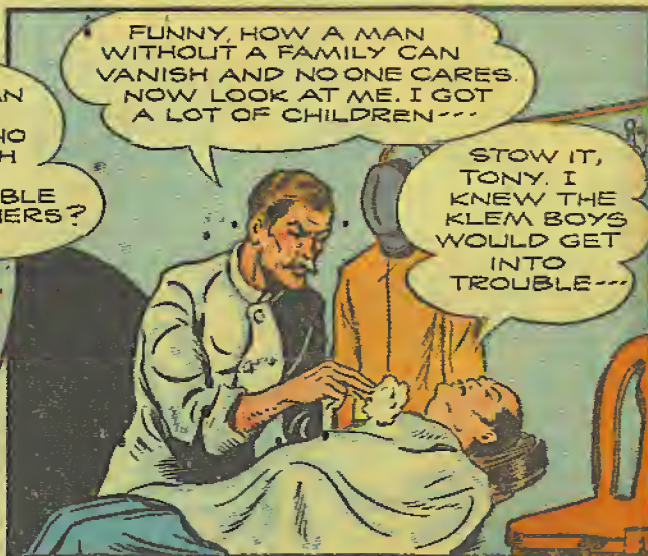
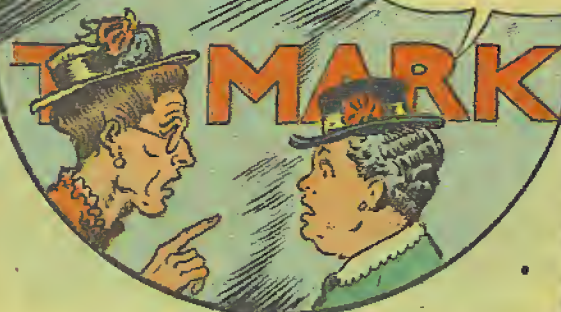
THE TRANQUILLITY OF CARDVILLE HAS BEEN SERIOUSLY SHAKEN, BECAUSE -----

DID YOU HEAR THAT OLD EBEN CARTER HAS FINALLY DISAPPEARED?

YOU MEAN THE MISER WHO LIVES WITH THOSE DISAGREEABLE KLEM BROTHERS?

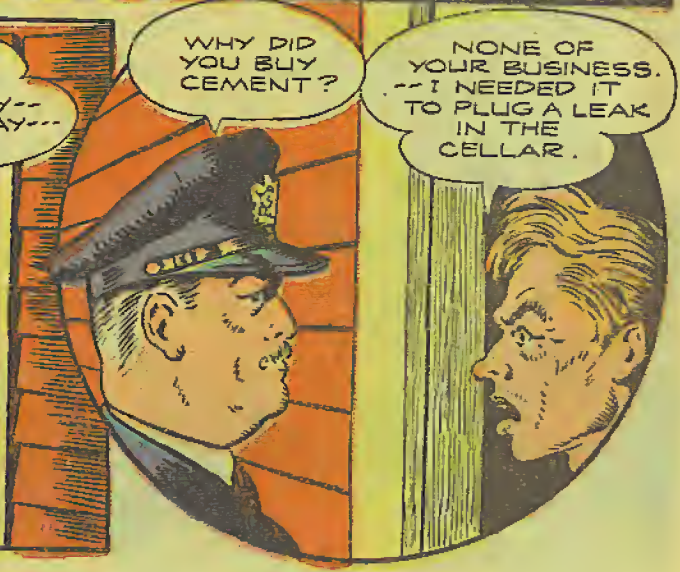
FUNNY, HOW A MAN WITHOUT A FAMILY CAN VANISH AND NO ONE CARES. NOW LOOK AT ME. I GOT A LOT OF CHILDREN---

STOW IT, TONY. I KNEW THE KLEM BOYS WOULD GET INTO TROUBLE---

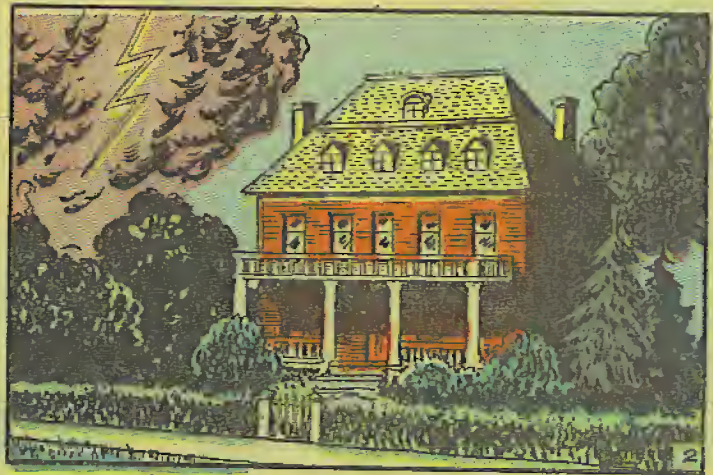


QUESTION No. 15. Was Bill Klem a basketball coach or a baseball umpire?



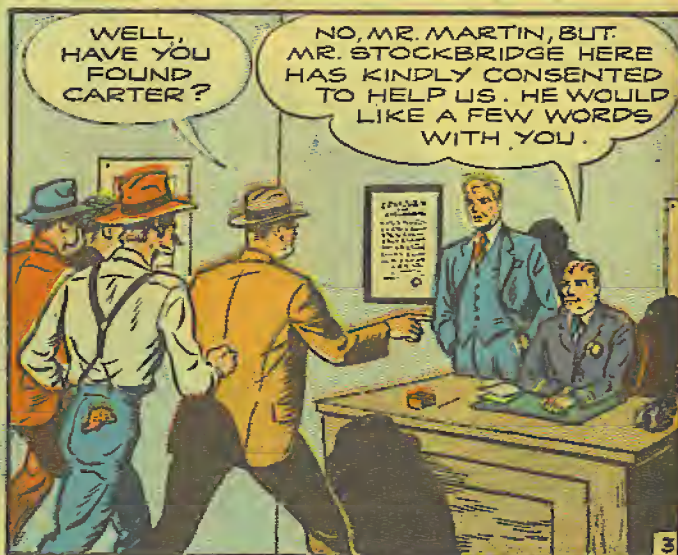
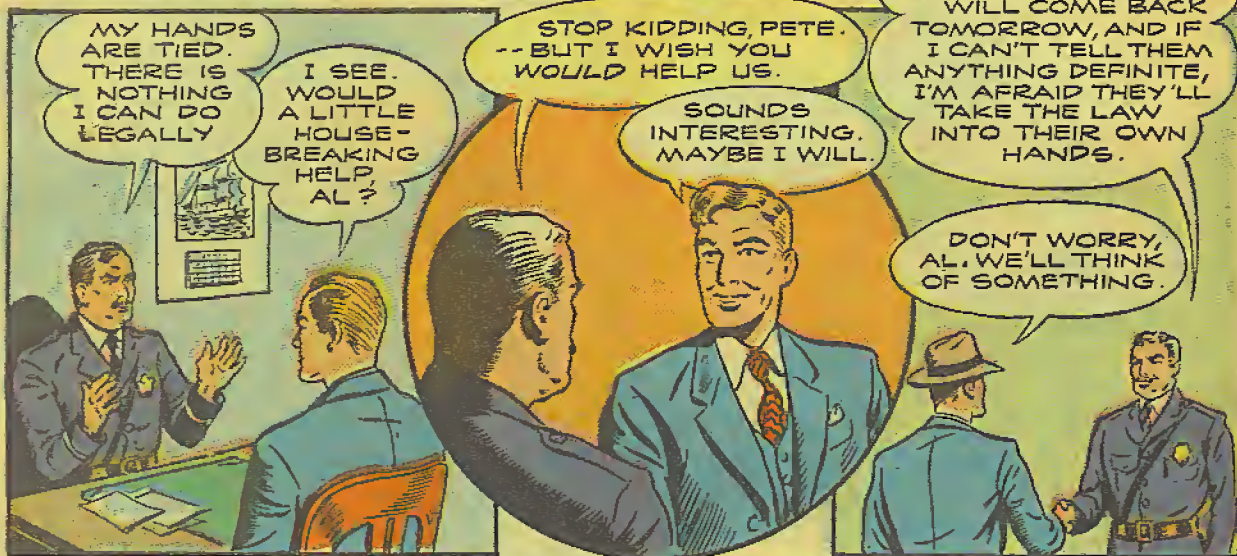
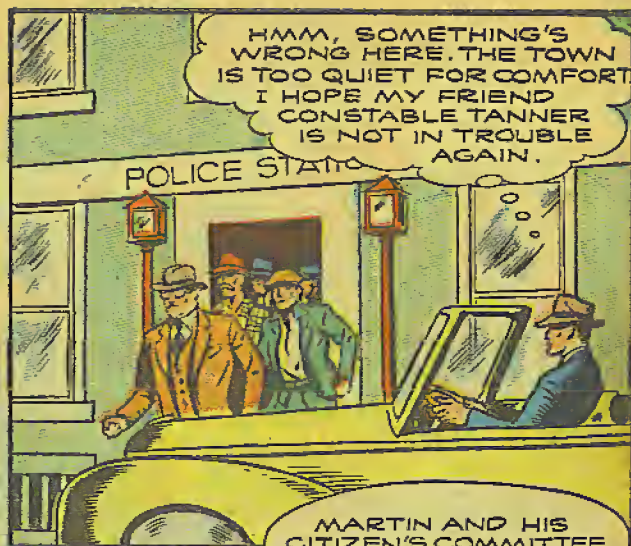
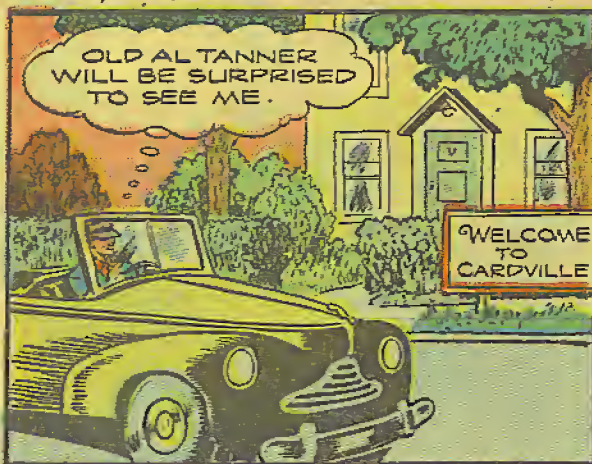


BEFORE LONG, THE RIPPLE OF EVIL TONGUES HAD SWOLLEN INTO A RAGING STORM, THREATENING THE KLEM BROTHERS-----





NOON THE FOLLOWING DAY, PETE STOCKBRIDGE, ALIAS THE CHAMELEON, DRIVES INTO CARDVILLE----







YOU SEEM CONVINCED THAT THE KLEM BROTHERS MURDERED EBEN CARTER AND THEN BURIED HIS BODY IN THE CELLAR!

OF COURSE WE ARE. WHERE IS HE? AND WHY BRUCE'S SUDDEN AMBITIONS? HE NEVER FIXED A THING BEFORE. JUST LOOK AT THE HOUSE!



WILL YOU OR ANYONE ELSE PUT THEIR SUSPICIONS INTO A FORMAL CHARGE AGAINST THE KLEMS?

WHO ME?

ARE YOU CRAZY?

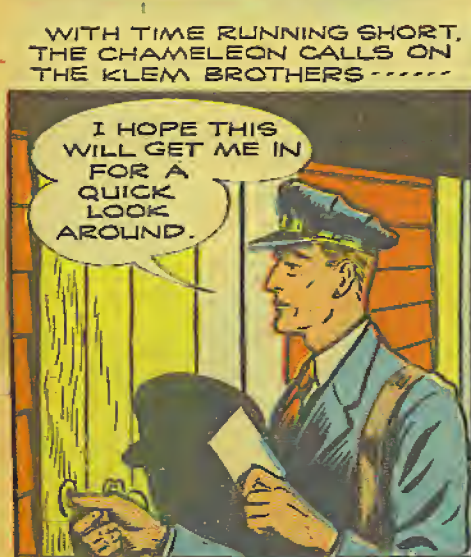


KEEP COOL, MR. MARTIN, AND GIVE US A FEW DAYS.

TILL SATURDAY THEN.



PHOO-- YOU CERTAINLY PUT THEM ON THE SPOT, PETE. MARTIN'S A SLICK ARTICLE. HE HAS HIS EYE ON THE KLEM HOUSE.



WITH TIME RUNNING SHORT, THE CHAMELEON CALLS ON THE KLEM BROTHERS -----

I HOPE THIS WILL GET ME IN FOR A QUICK LOOK AROUND.



SPECIAL LETTER FOR MR. CARTER.

MR. CARTER ISN'T HERE. I'LL TAKE THE LETTER.



SORRY, I MUST HAVE LOST MY PENCIL---

WAIT HERE, I'LL GET ONE.



WITH BRUCE GONE, PETE ENTERS THE HOUSE ----

I HOPE HE CAN'T FIND THAT PENCIL.

SUDDENLY ---

WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?

I SMELLED GAS AND THOUGHT...

THE CHAMELEON'S FIRST ATTEMPT ENDS IN A COMPLETE FIASCO ----

LIAR!  
-- GET OUT!

STEP LIVELY OR I'LL FILL YOU FULL OF BUCKSHOT, YOU DIRTY SNOOPER!

THE SAME EVENING ----

-- I HAD A FLEETING GLANCE AT THE CELLAR. THERE WAS A PATCH OF NEWLY LAID CEMENT, AND IF YOU ----

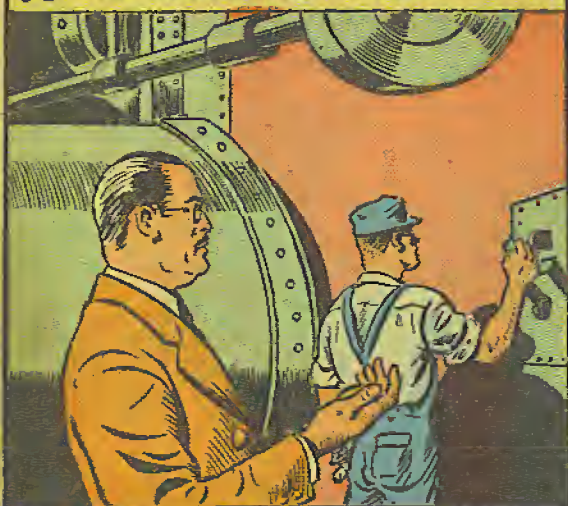
I GRANT YOU ALL THAT, BUT WHAT YOU ASK IS HIGHLY IRREGULAR.

I THOUGHT YOU WANTED THIS MYSTERY CLEARED UP, MR. MARTIN. ONLY THIS AFTERNOON YOU WERE CLAMORING FOR THE BROTHERS' ARREST!

YOU WIN I'LL DO IT. TOMORROW NIGHT AT 9:30 THEN



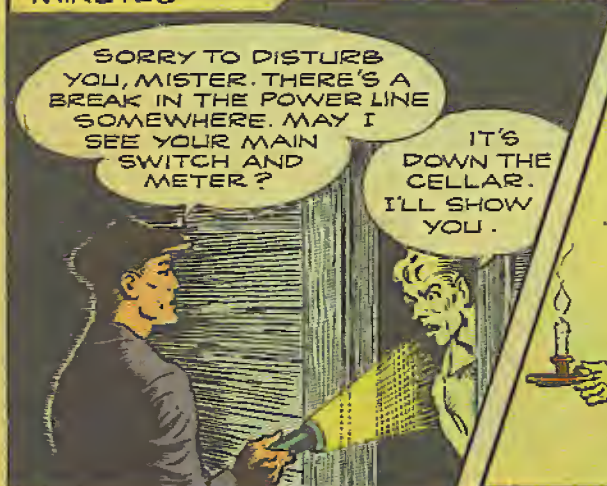
AT THE APPOINTED HOUR-----



MEANWHILE-----



AFTER A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS THIRTY MINUTES-----



THIS IS THE MOMENT PETE HAS BEEN WAITING FOR-----





BUT BEFORE THE CHAMELEON IS ABLE TO MAKE SURE ----

I THOUGHT YOU WERE A PHONY! YOU'RE AFTER THE ---

BANG!

AND THEN, SUDDENLY, IN THE MIDST OF THIS TERRIFIC STRUGGLE ----

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, BRUCE?

WE CAUGHT A BURGLAR. CALL THE POLICE, CARTER!

THIS MAN IS NO BURGLAR, BRUCE. HE'S MY FRIEND PETE STOCKBRIDGE, BETTER KNOWN AS THE CHAMELEON.

YOU ARE EBEN CARTER? THEN WHAT'S BENEATH THE CEMENT?

AN IRON BOX CONTAINING MY MONEY AND SECURITIES. I DON'T TRUST BANKS. WHEN I WAS CALLED AWAY SUDDENLY, I DIDN'T KNOW HOW LONG I WOULD BE GONE, SO I ASKED THE BROTHERS TO BURY MY FORTUNE DOWN HERE

THE NEXT DAY----

SO LONG, AL. DON'T GET MIXED UP IN ANY MORE MURDERS.

WELL, YOU SAVED THE KLEMS, PETE. THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MURDER SOON IF YOU HADN'T RECOVERED THE "BURIED TREASURE"



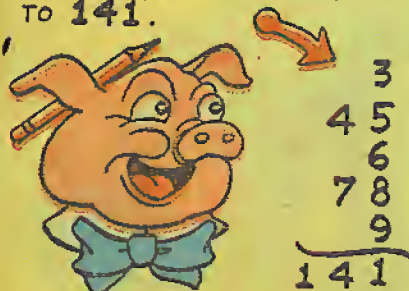


# PUZZLE PLAY

1.2.3.4.5.6.7

**C**AN YOU ADD THE ABOVE SEVEN NUMBERS IN ROTATION SO THAT THEY WILL ADD TO EXACTLY 100?

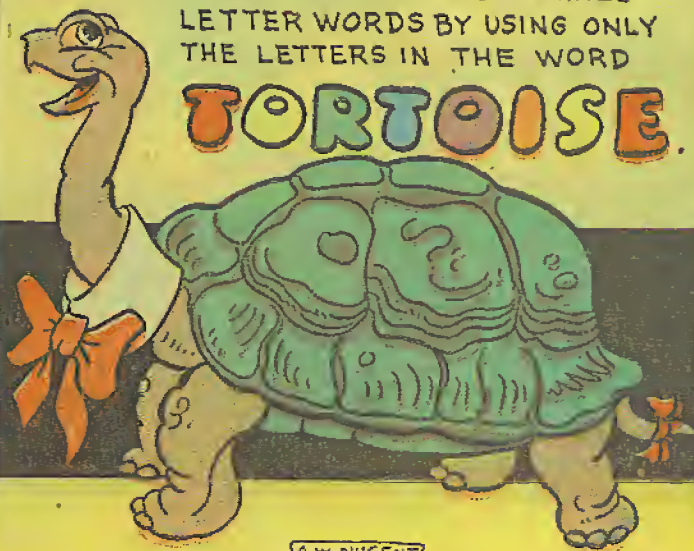
FOR EXAMPLE: 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 AND 9, IN ROTATION, ADD TO 141.



ONE, TWO, THIRTY-FOUR, FIFTY-SIX AND SEVEN ADD TO 100.

**T**O WIN THIS WORD GAME YOU ARE REQUIRED TO SPELL AT LEAST 12 THREE-LETTER WORDS BY USING ONLY THE LETTERS IN THE WORD

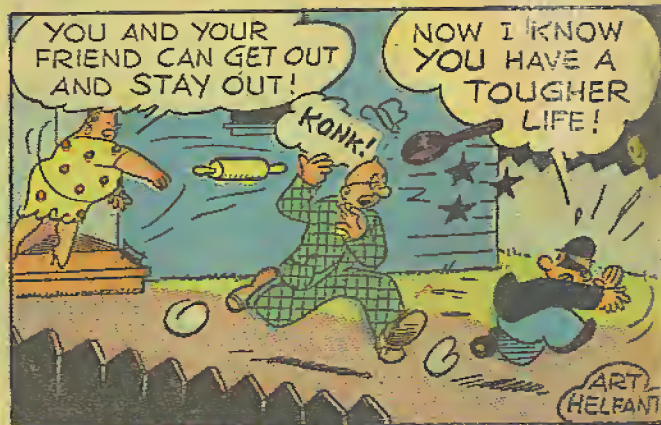
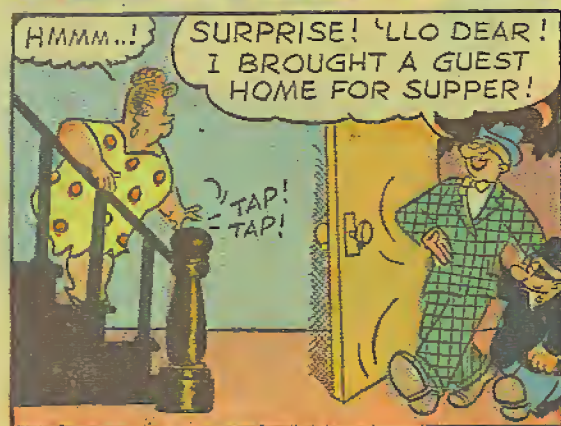
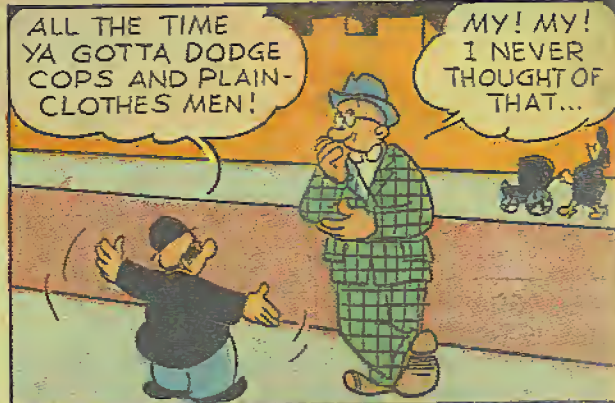
**TORTOISE**



A.W. NUGENT



# BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR





'N WHY DO WE SPELL **BANK** WITH A BIG 'B'??

'CAUSE A **BANK** IS NO GOOD UNLESS IT HAS A LARGE **CAPITAL**!!

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO LEARN HOW TO **SKI**?

OH, SURE - I'D **JUMP** AT THE **CHANCE**!!!

# TARGETOONS

by  
MILT HAMMER

OUR **GEOGRAPHY** CLASS IS SO **DRY**!

NOT OURS. WE'RE **STUDYIN'** ABOUT **RIVERS**!!

'N WOT DID YOU SAY WHEN THAT KID SAID THAT YOU LOOKED LIKE ME, HUH??

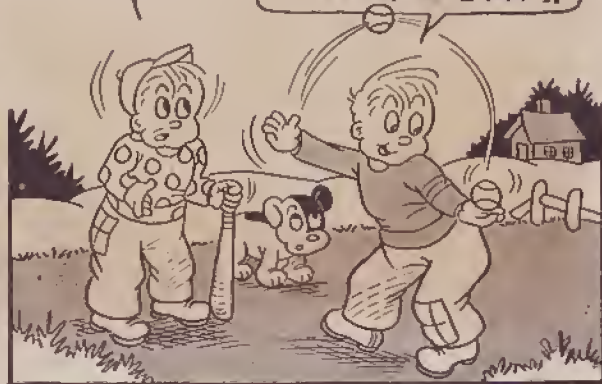
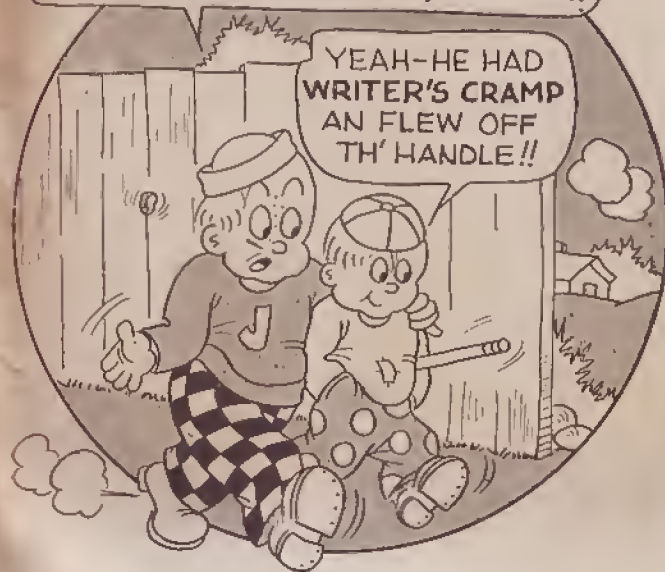
NOTHIN' - HE WAS **BIGGER** THAN ME!

GEE, THAT WAS TOO BAD ABOUT YER **UNCLE**, THE **SKYWRITER**, CRASHIN'!!

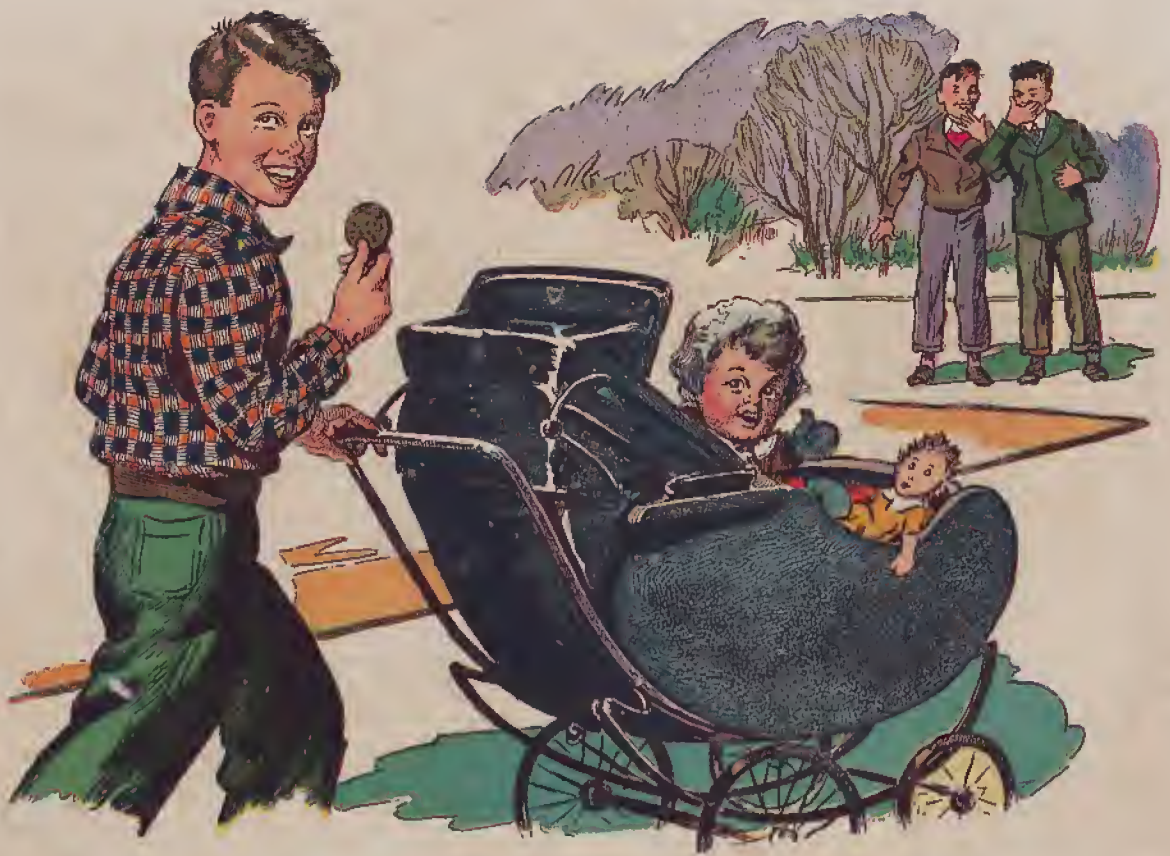
YEAH - HE HAD **WRITER'S CRAMP** AN FLEW OFF TH' **HANDLE**!!

WOT D'YA MEAN YER **POP'S** NAME WUZ MENTIONED IN A BOOK THAT WUZ JIST **PUBLISHED**??

THAT'S RIGHT! IN TH' **NEW TELEPHONE BOOK**!!







*MOM PROMISED ME -*  
**Cookies**

made with



**Candy**

**Buy 'em or Bake 'em**  
*RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER*



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Target Comics v8 #3 [81]  
1940 Series - Novelty Press, May 1947, coverprice 0.10  
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Feature: Bull's-Eye Bill

2. \*No title given or indexed\*

Feature: Chameleon

3. \*No title given or indexed\*

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Feature: Gary Stark

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